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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS.

Tutti Frutti, from the Papers of the Deceased.—[*Tutti Frutti, aus den Papieren des Verstorbenen.*] Vols. III., IV. and V. Stuttgart. London: Schloss.

THREE more volumes of the miscellaneous work which Prince Pückler-Muskau entitles, 'Tutti Frutti,' are before us, and, as we see only "End of Vol. V." at the termination of them, it seems that more still may be expected. There is, indeed, no reason why such a work should not go on, as long as the author lives and the public will read. It is a sort of repository for anything that may happen to pass before the eyes or through the mind of the writer; and, as each is dropped in at random, there is neither connexion nor reference—neither beginning nor end.

We do not object to this gossiping and desultory sort of book, but we think that, as it necessarily renounces all claim to rank with works of severe labour and sustained thought, the author who chooses that form, should be careful not to *effaroucher* the numerous class of light readers, to whom he must be content to look as his auditory.

We need hardly say, that there is a great deal of cleverness—a great deal that is piquant and amusing in the book. Nobody disputes Prince Pückler's claim to great and various talent; but, for the English public at least, there is a good deal that would be thought very heavy material in the composition of such a work. However, the two papers to which we allude,—the discussion on Aristocracy, which occupies half the fifth volume, and the discussion on ghost-seeing, somnambulism, and the supernatural, or preternatural, world generally, which follows it,—referring as they do to men and things in Prussia, cannot fairly be judged of where those are unknown. They appear to us somewhat lengthy, though we fully admit the importance of the former subject, and the sincere and rational way in which it is treated; and though the latter paper is embellished with one or two pretty good ghost-stories—in this age, a rare and welcome addition to the declining stock of the marvellous.

The whole of the fourth volume and a part of the third, consist of a romantic tale, of which we shall speak hereafter, confining ourselves now to the miscellaneous matter; the fifth consists of detached thoughts on various subjects—religion, morals, politics, &c. The thread which we find running through most of these reflections is this; that the circumstances and minds of men—or, to use the favourite expression, the Spirit of the Age, being entirely different from that of any preceding one, it is necessary that all institutions, codes, and systems should be accommodated to this difference;—that the change is irrevocable, and its farther progress irresistible—and that it is the part of prudence to bend to what she cannot resist. That there is truth in the fact and justness in the inference, we believe; and we cordially unite with Prince

Pückler in the wish, that those with whom it rests to adjust the old to the new, may be sufficiently clear-sighted to distinguish those things that oppose themselves to this mighty stream, and will, if not removed, cause whirlpools and inundations in which so much that is good and fair and true must perish; and those which may confine and direct the current which it is madness to think to stem.

Among the institutions chiefly brought into discussion, Prince Pückler's attention is of course directed to the Church and to Aristocracy. With regard to the former, he asserts, that

Where reform has once been necessary, it must inevitably, after a certain lapse of time, become necessary again.

To assert the contrary is, indeed, to conclude all future generations from change, or from having their institutions adjusted to that change. It by no means follows, that people who think like Prince Pückler, are unqualified admirers of modern times, or prevailing ways of thinking. For ourselves, we half agree with him in what follows—though that does not in the least affect the question of necessary adaptations:—

We were not the first Christians, in all that is most essential and most sacred, far more advanced than we? And, on the other hand, where is the sublime art, the fresh life of the old heathen? Dead sciences, hundred-handed manufactures, gunpowder, and the printing machine, hardly compensate us for what we have lost.

Be that as it may, the eternal flux of things, and of opinions, will go on. Manufactures, gunpowder, and the press, are there; each have introduced a completely new set of circumstances and of ideas among men; and endeavours to serve, to enlighten, to govern and to satisfy them that would leave these elements out of calculation, must needs prove abortive, and worse,—destructive: for you cannot simply *impede* the working of a great machine,—the forces, hindered of their proper application, tear to pieces the whole body. Prince Pückler's speculations are often fantastical enough in detail, but there is this germ of truth and philanthropy at the bottom.

On the question of Aristocracy, he must of course be a suspected witness. His is a *plaidoyer* for his order, yet we believe in the sincerity of his declaration at the close of it.

As a noble, I have spoken for myself; as a citizen, for all; and I solemnly declare, that if by the sacrifice of my rank and my whole landed property I could procure those institutions for my country which, according to my conviction, would raise it to a high pitch of lasting power and greatness, I would joyfully make that sacrifice, content myself thenceforth with the humblest means, and regard this as no privation. Have I hoped too much in imputing to a great number of our nobles a similar way of thinking? I believe not.

We cannot go into the details of the institutions he alludes to. The Prussian govern-

ment, it is well known, has acted on the principle of depressing the aristocracy, and vesting power exclusively in the hands of men whom it trains, appoints, and pays, to do the business of the country. Nothing that we have heard convinces us that that business is not, on the whole, better done there than anywhere else. Prince Pückler, however, complains bitterly of the *bureaucratie*, and we have no doubt with some reason; since every form of government has its proper inconveniences, and is liable to its peculiar abuses. But if Prussia, from the impress it received from the mind of the most consummate governor the world ever saw, and from other circumstances which cannot be discussed here, has taken the form of a democratic monarchy—a monarchy, that is, in which the two sole consensaneous powers are, the will of the sovereign and the will of the people, it will be admitted that such a state of things could hardly be transplanted into countries long accustomed to the dominion of a great aristocracy, and to the associations and habits that engenders. Whether or not, therefore, Prince Pückler be right in desiring the re-establishment of the Prussian aristocracy *on a new basis*, with principles and ends in conformity with the popular ideas which have now the upper hand, his views might still be applicable to a country where a powerful aristocracy already exists, and is likely, without some such reformat, to come into collision with that spirit which must ultimately prevail, simply because it is the spirit of the mass. The manner and degree in which monarchy in Prussia has *conformed itself* to that spirit, and, by yielding, governed it, is worthy of the attentive study of statesmen. Nothing on earth could have kept that country from the convulsions which have agitated, and are agitating, its neighbours, but the vigour, decision, skill, and good faith with which the king has "put himself at the head of the movement;" to borrow a phrase from a country which has the words, but has never had the thing they signify.

Even the enemies of Prussia (says Prince Pückler) cannot deny that, from the time of the Great Elector, in consequence of the rare and fortunate personal character of the ruling family, such a liberality has gradually become native to the government (though absolute in form), and a degree of popular freedom has been introduced which has now struck such deep and vigorous roots in public opinion, that it is no longer precarious, and dependant only on the personal character of the actual ruler: it is become almost *impossible* to rule in important matters, otherwise than liberally. We live more freely under the dominion of the throne than the subjects of many ill-constructed constitutional states, though, according to the forms of the monarchy, our sovereign might deal with us as slaves. It is the mere force of intelligence which has brought us to that point, at which a monarch of Prussia could scarcely, for an instant, entertain the thought of attempting to govern absolutely.—i. e. according to his own mere arbitrary will. True and universal liberality of mind has long, like the sun, enlightened the palace and the cottage; per-

haps mainly because, through the wisdom of our princes, we have long been free from the grand obstacle to civilization, a dominant church.

And further, he says—

Our former administration stood only because when Napoleon shook the world at every joint, our government itself perceived that it could find safety only in a *slow revolution*. * * * The Landwehr system, which makes every man a soldier, was a giant stride towards a free constitution; it can hardly be called a preparatory step; it rather leads at once *in medias res*. This, we must gratefully own, has made any really unpopular measure in which the whole country is interested, nearly impossible for the future. * * * By these measures all pretensions to merely arbitrary power have been as good as renounced.

These, it must be remembered, are the remarks which occur in an essay, the main object of which is to censure the course of this very government on other points.

Why this self-reforming process should not be equally practicable to a governing body, as to an individual, we confess we do not see; it is, indeed, less probable, inasmuch as it is easier to find one wise and good man, than hundreds of such. We speak as we wish; therefore, rather than as we hope, when we advert to the magnificent game our aristocracy might play, if it were to substitute for an attitude of frightened and vain resistance, one of sincere, frank, and enlightened co-operation with what must in all countries henceforth be, in one form or another, by fair means or by foul, the governing body; governing, that is, so far as this,—that its will must be the ultimate law; the guidance of that will, it lies completely in the power of the persons to whom the people have a habit of looking up, and who have over them the immense advantages of leisure and superior culture, to retain. But then they must prove by word and deed that they have the good of the whole in view, and so gain the confidence of the whole. That once gained, they might, acting always frankly, and giving always reasons for their acts, rely on that confidence, do good, and fear nothing.

Prince Pückler contends, that as the ancient claims of the aristocracy have ceased to be recognized, they must establish new ones, or go to the ground;—that as all the habits and associations of feudalism are gone, some substitute must be found which the people will consent to receive; and this substitute he finds in the superior culture, the noble views, the refined and beneficent tastes, the habits of study and reflection, the acquaintance with philosophy, history, law,—in short, the appropriate qualities and attainments of legislators which men possessed of hereditary wealth, and thence of the means of superior education and of unbroken leisure, may, if they will, acquire. To conclude this subject, the following passage will show that if the author's views are visionary, they have at least something noble about them:—

The vocation of a great aristocracy in a constitutional monarchy is simply a conservative one; hence its ambition is far less directed to the acquisition of wealth, which it possesses—still less of court favour, which it does not want—than to a nobler end; namely, the obtaining honour, consideration, and influ-

ence with the whole nation as a recompense for the services which it feels itself capable of rendering it. To be popular, is the natural pride and glory of a constitutional nobleman; so far, always understood, as popularity is to be obtained consistently with his duties towards the state.

We are quite aware that these suggestions are far too vague to be of any use—for what can differ more widely than men's views of these duties? They only indicate the course which it were well men's thoughts should take at this time.

But it is high time we should go to lighter matters. We shall take some extracts, almost at random, from the desultory part, reserving the account of the romance to another week. There are some descriptions of a visit to Berlin after a long absence, which are characteristic, and prove that the author is not changed either for good or evil.

The following presents a frightful picture of the condition of the Amphitryons of Berlin:—

I was invited to a dinner at my friend's. He wrote to me, "We shall be only six. You may reckon on a merry party, and as to the kitchen and the cellar, I think you won't find that they have degenerated."

I went earlier than I was invited, and found my friend in the greatest despair. "Just imagine," said he, "I think some evil demon must be at work! Three of our guests have sent excuses in succession, because they are invited, or rather commanded, to dine with the princess, with whom etiquette will not allow them to plead a prior engagement."

Hardly had he uttered these words, when another note appeared, and the fourth guest sent word that he was invited by the Crown Prince.

"Good God!" said my host, "and my Bohemian pheasants! My green peas, ten dollars the pound! my magnificent sea fish! It's enough to make one blow one's brains out. Now we must eat all this as well as we can,—and how bored you'll be tête-à-tête with me, old friend!"

I begged him to be at ease on that head, assuring him, with truth, that I should want nothing, but that, indeed, as to eating, I could do only the work of one man.

"Confess, however," said he, "it is hard that we can never reckon on our guests even when they have promised. Not till they are actually seated at table is one certain of them. Our princes should have pity on us poor dinner-givers, and, like ourselves, invite four days beforehand. If we get an indigestion to-day, I shall lay it on their consciences."

If the princes were not, as they are said to be, very accomplished and agreeable men, the case of Berlin diners, as well as hosts, would indeed be deplorable.

The following anecdote relates to three remarkable men:—

President Rother was once with the High Chancellor, Prince of Hardenberg, his suite, and the celebrated Arndt, at the island of Rügen. They went together to visit some beautiful spot in the island, and the Chancellor accidentally fell into conversation with Arndt, and wandered a little away from the rest of the company into the wood. All on a sudden a loud cry was heard to come from that direction. Rother sprang forward, and found the Prince lying on the ground bleeding, and Arndt wringing his hands and calling for help. He had tried to bend down a bough, which, slipping from his hand, had struck the Chancellor so violently in the face, that it knocked him down and gave him a severe wound on the nose. They fetched water, stopped the bleeding, and raised up the old

prince, who was a considerable time in recovering.

"What an unlucky accident," said Rother, "is your Highness something better?"

"Oh," replied the amiable old man, with his winning smile, "it is nothing—the Spirit of the Age has given me a knock on the nose, that's all."

Arndt, as is well known, was, and is, renowned for what the Germans call *Demagogie*.

The author adds—

By a humorous accident the President shortly after received a marble bust of the High Chancellor, executed by Rauch, in which the marble had a vein distinctly representing the little scar which the original retained from his conflict with "the Spirit of the Age."

The following occurs in a defence of dogs, or rather of the brute creation generally:—

I have a poodle whom I would make tutor to my son, if I had one. I sometimes use him towards my own education. Will not the following trait of his character move you?

He conceived a strange fondness, an absolute passion, for a young kitten, which he carried about in his mouth for hours when he went out to walk; and whenever he came to a resting-place, he set her down with the greatest care and tenderness, and began to play with her. When he was fed, she always took the nicest pieces away from him, without his ever making the slightest opposition.

The kitten died, and was buried in the garden; my poor poodle showed the deepest grief, would not touch food, and howled mournfully the whole night long.

What was my astonishment when, the next morning, he appeared, carrying the kitten in his mouth! He had scratched her out of the ground, and it was only by force that we could take her from him.

Here are a few remarks, more just than flattering, on ourselves.

Travels are my favourite reading; and the more unlearned and simple the traveller, the better I like them.

What can be more interesting than the travels of the brothers Lander, in Africa? The book is a romance, full of adventures, and suggests more reflections than many a volume of sermons. * * * Very remarkable, though in another way, is the narrative of the voyages of Lindsay, and of Dr. Gutzlaff, on the coast of China. What astounded me was, not the reports of China, but the truly supernatural impudence of the English, which is here set forth.

I must confess that I have ever since entertained the greatest respect for the Chinese government, and the wisdom of its regulations; nor, after such an example, can I blame the Chinese for thinking us barbarians.

To ascribe their Christian forbearance to cowardice, is absurd; since a handful of men must have been overpowered by the masses opposed to them, who were sufficient to have beaten them to death with umbrellas. The Chinese obviously behaved as reasonable men among us do when they meet a drunkard or a madman who annoys them—get rid of them as good-naturedly as they can. The most naïf thing is the firm belief of our barbarians that they are always right, even when they act contrary equally to good manners and to the law of nations. They could not understand the astonishment with which the Mandarins looked at them, "as if they were not human." Nay, so happy were they in their self-satisfaction, that they attributed the laughter which all spectators bestowed on the rudeness of the strange madmen, to approbation.

With all that, such colossal impertinence as that with which the English treat almost all other nations has something in it that commands respect; for when carried through with

† We unwillingly use the only word that we can think of expressing the meaning, in spite of the vulgar perversion party has given to that, as it does to every thing.

that consistency, it never fails to attain its end, at least to a certain extent. Most people suffer themselves to be bullied, and at length formally admit the right of the bully. My good Germans! of all Europeans you are certainly the most like the Chinese in this respect.

One passage more, and we have done:—

When I read for the first time the Cabinet Orders of Frederic the Great collected by Preuss (of his history I shall not here speak), I had a feeling as if I had been long gazing on the Jupiter of Phidias.

This king was born a ruler—in the fullest sense of the word. Of him it may with truth be said, that he was father and lord of his subjects. Equally reflecting and energetic, indefatigable and just, benevolent and rigorous, brave and yielding—as the occasion required—and ever wise, he remains the model of kings to all ages.

We shall notice the tale in an early number.

The Manuscripts of Erdély: a Romance.
By George Stephens, Esq. London:
Smith & Elder.

This is a strange tale—strange in its scene, characters, plot, events, and style. The scene is laid in Transylvania, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the independence of Hungary seemed fast approaching its termination, and the only doubt was, whether it should be appended to Austria or Turkey. The characters are the Cardinal Martinuzzi, whose unhappy policy, at once brilliant and ruinous, precipitated the fate of the Magyars,—the uncivilized nobles of Hungary,—and the Cyprianis or Gipsies who had not yet fallen into the contempt which succeeded the unbounded respect shown to them when first they appeared in Christendom. The events belong to a history scarcely known to Englishmen, and little regarded by those who have in their course of reading become acquainted with its outlines. Slightly connected with any of the great revolutions which have produced a permanent effect on European politics, and not very interesting in itself, the closing period of Hungary's struggles remains almost a blank in our ordinary histories, and we have never heard the deficiency lamented.

The plot of this novel is the most "tangled web" woven by a novelist since the 'Mysteries of Udolpho'; like that celebrated romance, it teems with the preternatural, but the subsequent explanations are far inferior to those of Mrs. Radcliffe, both in simplicity and probability. The style is without a parallel in the wide range of novels and romances; it abounds in learned allusions to the Greek dramatists and philosophers, is tortuous, verbose, and stilted, and betrays marks of the pedantry which results from much reading and little observation. Yet the writer undoubtedly possesses original power and still more acquired information, but the subject he has chosen has led to a lamentable waste of both. In these idle days, few will be found to read a novel which requires to be studied as attentively as a treatise on metaphysics.

Martinuzzi is the real hero of the tale; he is represented as a perfectly virtuous statesman, whom the errors of others had seemingly convicted of guilt. His daughter is substituted for the infant heir of John Zapolya, by the craft of a nurse; she grows up in

the belief that she was the rightful heiress of the Hungarian crown, and as such is sought in marriage by Ragotzy, the chief of a Gipsy tribe, whose daring crimes had raised him to eminence in an age of turbulence. Ragotzy is the greatest villain described in the annals of fact or the pages of fiction—in short, a monster whose existence is scarcely possible. After having by numerous crimes almost secured to himself the hand of the heiress apparent, he learns that her claims are groundless, and forthwith seeks to win the hand of Veronica, who apparently stood next in the line of succession. Here he is thwarted by Sigismund, the true heir to the crown, who had passed his youth in countless dangers, and had learned the lessons of refined policy in the school of adversity. Ragotzy is slain just when his multiplied treasons had become so complicated, that they could scarcely be disentangled in a score of volumes. Sigismund obtains the throne, and learns, as much to his surprise as ours, that Martinuzzi was always inclined to favour his claims. There are several subordinate plots interwoven with the main story, in some cases very skillfully, but in others, the connexion is so remote as to confuse the reader. All these plots, main and subordinate, are managed by voices from concealed speakers, trap-doors, subterranean passages, sliding panels, &c., to an extent that leaves former melo-dramatic novels far behind.

In brief, no one can read this work without being convinced that the writer possesses learning and ability, but that a strange want of judgment is displayed in both the choice and management of the subject.

Ornithological Biography, or an Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America, &c. By J. Audubon.

(Second Notice.)

We always return with pleasure to pages so fresh and full of poetry as Audubon's. The old Athenians might, we think, have been excused for hankering after novelty, if they had all been critics—wearied pilgrims, like ourselves, through myriads of pages in which an original thought is as blessed a thing as a well in a desert, and traces of new *mind*, almost as pleasantly startling, as the "print of a man's foot in the sand" was appalling to Robinson Crusoe: we are therefore right glad to be among the birds again!

It occurred to us, when writing the former notice, that the memoirs of sundry of the American fowl here given, were more interesting and suggestive than some of the biographies of bipeds clad in doublet, through which we are compelled to toil. Shall we take a peep at the winged creatures in their dwellings? We can sympathize in the pleasure, with which their friend beheld the pretty and ingenious industry of a pair of Warbling Flycatchers. Here is a picture of them at work:—

"While at the little village, now the city, of Camden, in New Jersey, where I had gone for the purpose of watching the passage of certain Warblers on their way north early in the month of May, I took lodgings in a street ornamented with a long avenue of tall Lombardy poplars, one of which almost touched my window. On it too I had the pleasure shortly afterwards of finding the nest of this interesting little bird. Never before had I seen it placed so low, and never before had I an opportunity of examining

it, or of observing the particular habits of the species with so much advantage. The nest, although formed nearly in the same manner as several others, which I have since obtained by cutting them down with rifle balls, from the top twigs of the tall trees to which they were attached, instead of being fastened in the fork of a twig, was fixed to the body of the tree, and that of a branch coming off at a very acute angle. The birds were engaged in constructing it during eight days, working chiefly in the morning and evening. Previous to their selecting the spot, I frequently saw them examining the tree, warbling together as if congratulating each other on their good fortune in finding so snug a place. One morning I observed both of them at work; they had already attached some slender blades of grass to the knots on the branch and the bark of the trunk, and had given them a circular disposition. They continued working downwards and outwards, until the structure exhibited the form of the delicate tenement. Before the end of the second day, bits of hornets' nests and particles of corn-husks had been attached to it by pushing them between the rows of grass, and fixing them with silky substances. On the third day, the birds were absent, nor could I hear them anywhere in the neighbourhood, and thinking that a cat might have caught them from the edge of the roof, I despaired of seeing them again. On the fourth morning, however, their notes attracted my attention before I rose, and I had the pleasure of finding them at their labours. The materials which they now used consisted chiefly of extremely slender grasses, which the birds worked in a circular form within the frame which they had previously made. The little creatures were absent nearly an hour at a time, and returned together bringing the grass, which I concluded they found at a considerable distance. Going into the street to see in what direction they went, I watched them for some time, and followed them as they flew from tree to tree towards the river. They stopped, and looked as if carefully watching me, on which I retired to a small distance, when they resumed their journey, and led me quite out of the village, to a large meadow, where stood an old hay stack. They alighted on it, and in a few minutes each had selected a blade of grass. Returning by the same route, they moved so slowly from one tree to another, that my patience was severely tried. Two other days were consumed in travelling for the same kind of grass. On the seventh I saw only the female at work, using wool and horse hair. The eighth was almost entirely spent by both in smoothing the inside. They would enter the nest, sit in it, turn round, and press the lining, I should suppose a hundred times or more in the course of an hour. The male had ceased to warble, and both birds exhibited great concern. They went off and returned so often that I actually became quite tired of this lesson in the art of nest-building. * * *

"In the course of five days, an equal number of eggs was laid. They were small, of a rather narrow oval form, white, thinly spotted with reddish-black at the larger end. The birds sat alternately, though not with regularity as to time, and on the twelfth day of incubation the young came out. I observed that the male would bring insects to the female, and that after chopping and macerating them with her beak, she placed them in the mouth of her young with a care and delicacy which were not less curious than pleasing to me. Three or four days after, the male fed them also, and I thought that I saw them grow every time I turned from my drawing to peep at them.

"On the fifteenth day, about eight in the morning, the little birds all stood on the border of the nest, and were fed as usual. They continued there the remainder of the day, and about

sunset re-entered the nest. The old birds I had frequently observed roosted within about a foot above them. On the sixteenth day after their exclusion from the egg, they took to wing, and ascended the branches of the tree, with surprising ease and firmness. They were fed another day after, on the same tree, and roosted close together in a row on a small twig, the parents just above them. The next morning they flew across the street, and betook themselves to a fine peach-orchard several hundred yards from my lodging. Never had Huber watched the operations of his bees with more intentness than I had employed on this occasion, and I bade them adieu at last with great regret."

The nest of another of the species (the Pewee Flycatcher) is found in bolder situations. The following anecdote curiously illustrates the nature of their *habitat* :—

"This species is so peculiarly fond of attaching its nest to rocky caves, that, were it called the Rock Flycatcher, it would be appropriately named. Indeed I seldom have passed near such a place, particularly during the breeding season, without seeing the Pewee, or hearing its notes. I recollect that, while travelling in Virginia with a friend, he desired that I would go somewhat out of our intended route, to visit the renowned Rock Bridge of that State. My companion, who had passed over this natural bridge before, proposed a wager that he could lead me across it before I should be aware of its existence. It was early in April; and, from the descriptions of this place which I had read, I felt confident that the Pewee Flycatcher must be about it. I accepted the proposal of my friend, and trotted on, intent on proving to myself that, by constantly attending to one subject, a person must sooner or later become acquainted with it. I listened to the notes of the different birds, which at intervals came to my ear, and at last had the satisfaction to distinguish those of the Pewee. I stopped my horse, to judge of the distance at which the bird might be, and a moment after told my friend that the bridge was short of a hundred yards from us, although it was impossible for us to see the spot itself. The surprise of my companion was great. 'How do you know this?' he asked, 'for,' continued he, 'you are correct.'—'Simply,' answered I, 'because I hear the notes of the Pewee, and know that a cave, or a deep rocky creek, is at hand.' We moved on; the Pewees rose from under the bridge in numbers; I pointed to the spot and won the wager."

As the reader is at this moment interested in the dwelling places of birds, the account of a settlement of Chimney Swallows cannot be better introduced :—

"Immediately after my arrival at Louisville, in the State of Kentucky, I became acquainted with the hospitable and amiable Major William Croghan and his family. While talking one day about birds, he asked me if I had seen the trees in which the Swallows were supposed to spend the winter, but which they only entered, he said, for the purpose of roosting. Answering in the affirmative, I was informed that on my way back to town, there was a tree remarkable on account of the immense numbers that resorted to it, and the place in which it stood was described to me. I found it to be a sycamore, nearly destitute of branches, sixty or seventy feet high, between seven and eight feet in diameter at the base, and about five for the distance of forty feet up, where the stump of a broken hollowed branch, about two feet in diameter, made out from the main stem. This was the place at which the Swallows entered. On closely examining the tree, I found it hard, but hollow to near the roots. It was now about four o'clock after noon, in the month of July. Swallows were flying over Jeffersonville, Louisville,

and the woods around, but there were none near the tree. I proceeded home, and shortly after returned on foot. The sun was going down behind the Silver Hills; the evening was beautiful; thousands of swallows were flying closely above me, and three or four at a time were pitching into the hole, like bees hurrying into their hive. I remained, my head leaning on the tree, listening to the roaring noise made within by the birds as they settled and arranged themselves, until it was quite dark, when I left the place, although I was convinced that many more had to enter. I did not pretend to count them, for the number was too great, and the birds rushed to the entrance so thick as to baffle the attempt. I had scarcely returned to Louisville, when a violent thunder storm passed suddenly over the town, and its appearance made me think that the hurry of the Swallows to enter the tree was caused by this anxiety to avoid it. I thought of the Swallows almost the whole night, so anxious had I become to ascertain their number, before the time of their departure should arrive.

"Next morning I rose early enough to reach the place long before the least appearance of daylight, and placed my head against the tree. All was silent within. I remained in that posture probably twenty minutes, when suddenly I thought the great tree was giving way, and coming down upon me. Instinctively I sprang from it, but when I looked up to it again, what was my astonishment to see it standing as firm as ever. The Swallows were now pouring out in a black continued stream. I ran back to my post, and listened in amazement to the noise within, which I could compare to nothing else than the sound of a large wheel revolving under a powerful stream. It was yet dusky, so that I could hardly see the hour on my watch, but I estimated the time which they took in getting out at more than thirty minutes. After their departure, no noise was heard within, and they dispersed in every direction with the quickness of thought.

"I immediately formed the project of examining the interior of the tree, which, as my kind friend, Major Croghan, had told me, proved the most remarkable I had ever met with. This I did, in company with a hunting associate. We went provided with a strong line and a rope, the first of which we, after several trials, succeeded in throwing across the broken branch. Fastening the rope to the line we drew it up, and pulled it over until it reached the ground again. Provided with the longest cane we could find, I mounted the tree by the rope, without accident, and at length seated myself at ease on the broken branch; but my labour was fruitless, for I could see nothing through the hole, and the cane, which was about fifteen feet long, touched nothing on the sides of the tree within that could give any information. I came down fatigued and disappointed.

"The next day I hired a man, who cut a hole at the base of the tree. The shell was only eight or nine inches thick, and the axe soon brought the inside to view, disclosing a matted mass of exuviae, with rotten feathers reduced to a kind of mould, in which, however, I could perceive fragments of insects and quills. I had a passage cleared, or rather bored through this mass, for nearly six feet. This operation took up a good deal of time, and knowing by experience that if the birds should notice the hole below, they would abandon the tree, I had it carefully closed. The Swallows came as usual that night, and I did not disturb them for several days. At last, provided with a dark lantern, I went with my companion about nine in the evening, determined to have a full view of the interior of the tree. The whole was opened with caution. I scrambled up the sides of the mass of exuviae, and my friend followed. All

was perfectly silent. Slowly and gradually I brought the light of the lantern to bear on the sides of the hole above us, when we saw the Swallows clinging side by side, covering the whole surface of the excavation. In no instance did I see one above another. Satisfied with the sight, I closed the lantern. We then caught and killed with as much care as possible more than a hundred, stowing them away in our pockets and bosoms, and slid down into the open air."

So much of birds, for the present—it being, however, probable, that we may return to their haunts yet once more, in company with our enthusiastic friend and guide. We now give the passage from the "Force of the waters," formerly promised. The opening of the paper presents us with a lively picture of the life of the American wood-cutters, or "lumberers" as they are called. To read the description which follows, is about the next best thing to witnessing a launch—perhaps, for the moment, the most exciting of spectacles.

"It was in the month of September. At the upper extremity of Dennisonville, which is itself a pretty village, are the saw-mills and ponds of the hospitable Judge Lincoln and other persons. The creek that conveys the logs to these ponds, and which bears the name of the village, is interrupted in its course by many rapids and narrow embanked gorges. One of the latter is situated about half a mile above the mill-dams, and is so rocky and rugged in its bottom and sides, as to preclude the possibility of the trees passing along it at low water, while, as I conceived, it would have given no slight labour to an army of woodsmen or millers, to move the thousands of large logs that had accumulated in it. They lay piled in confused heaps to a great height along an extent of several hundred yards, and were in some places so close as to have formed a kind of dam. Above the gorge there is a large natural reservoir, in which the head waters of the creek settle, while only a small portion of them ripples through the gorge below, during the latter weeks of summer and in early autumn, when the streams are at their lowest.

"At the neck of this basin, the lumberers raised a temporary barrier with the refuse of their sawn logs. The boards were planted nearly upright, and supported at their tops by a strong tree extended from side to side of the creek, which might there be about forty feet in breadth. It was prevented from giving way under the pressure of the rising waters, by having strong abutments of wood laid against its centre, while the ends of these abutments were secured by wedges, which could be knocked off when necessary.

"The temporary dam was now finished. Little or no water escaped through the barrier, and that in the creek above it rose in the course of three weeks to its top, which was about ten feet high, forming a sheet that extended upwards fully a mile from the dam. My family was invited early one morning, to go and witness the extraordinary effect which would be produced by the breaking down of the barrier, and we all accompanied the lumberers to the place. Two of the men, on reaching it, threw off their jackets, tied handkerchiefs round their heads, and fastened to their bodies a long rope, the end of which was held by three or four others, who stood ready to drag their companions ashore, in case of danger or accident. The two operators, each bearing an axe, walked along the abutments, and at a given signal, knocked out the wedges. A second blow from each sent off the abutments themselves, and the men, leaping with extreme dexterity from one cross log to another, sprang to the shore with almost the quickness of thought.

"Scarcely had they effected their escape from the frightful peril that threatened them, when

the mass of waters burst forth with a horrible uproar. All eyes were bent towards the huge heaps of logs in the gorge below. The tumultuous burst of the waters instantly swept away every object that opposed their progress, and rushed in foaming waves among the timber that every where blocked up the passage. Presently a slow, heavy motion was perceived in the mass of logs; one might have imagined that some mighty monster lay convulsively writhing beneath them, struggling with a fearful energy to extricate himself from the crushing weight. * *

"Now the rushing element filled up the gorge to its brim. The logs, once under way, rolled, reared, tossed and tumbled amid the foam, as they were carried along. Many of the smaller trees broke across, from others great splinters were sent up, and all were in some degree seamed and scarred. Then in tumultuous majesty swept along the mingled wreck, the current being now increased to such a pitch, that the logs as they were dashed against the rocky shores, resounded like the report of distant artillery, or the angry rumblings of the thunder. * * In a few hours, almost all the timber that had lain heaped in the rocky gorge, was floating in the great pond of the millers; and as we walked homewards, we talked of the *Force of the Waters*."

But the woods of America have other enemies besides the lumberers. The words "a forest on fire," have little or no definite meaning to us English. We have, however, an appalling account of one these scenes of devastation set before us, by Mr. Audubon; he has told it, as he received it from the mouth of a wood-cutter: and we cannot imagine anything at once more simple and more vivid, than the following narrative:—

"About twenty-five years ago, the larch or hackmatack trees were nearly all killed by insects. This took place in what hereabouts is called the 'black soft growth' land, that is, the spruce, pine, and all other firs. The destruction of the trees was effected by the insects cutting the leaves, and you must know that, although other trees are not killed by the loss of their leaves, the evergreens always are. Some few years after this destruction of the larch, the same insects attacked the spruces, pines, and other firs, in such a manner, that before half a dozen years were over, they began to fall, and, tumbling in all directions, they covered the whole country with matted masses. You may suppose that, when partially dried or seasoned, they would prove capital fuel, as well as supplies for the devouring flames which accidentally, or perhaps by intention, afterwards raged over the country, and continued burning at intervals for years, in many places stopping all communication by the roads, the resinous nature of the firs being of course best fitted to ensure and keep up the burning of the deep beds of dry leaves of the other trees. * * *

"I dare say that what I have told you brings sad recollections to the minds of my wife and eldest daughter, who, with myself, had to fly from our home, at the time of the great fires. I felt so interested in his relation of the causes of the burnings, that I asked him to describe to me the particulars of his misfortunes at the time. * * *

"It is a difficult thing, Sir, to describe, but I will do my best to make your time pass pleasantly. We were sound asleep one night, in a cabin about a hundred miles from this, when about two hours before day, the snorting of the horses and lowing of the cattle which I had ranging in the woods suddenly awakened us. I took my rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods.

My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them with their tails raised straight over their backs. On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming towards us in a far extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle the two best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I guessed that every moment was precious to us.

"We then mounted, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off as I said, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck, there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while; but, before an hour had elapsed, they all ran as if mad through the woods, and that, Sir, was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in bodies sprung before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

"We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbours, as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and, urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

"By this time we could feel the heat: and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the day light. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face, that when she turned towards either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over, on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shores, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the lee side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burnt or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

"On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a sight may we never see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened, for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds of smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

"The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and

ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell, for about some of it I remember nothing. * * *

"Towards morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us. When morning came, all was calm, but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cooled enough, and shivered as if in an ague fit; so we removed from the water, and went up to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him, and unmanly to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was easily remedied. Several deer were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted; and, after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

"By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting awhile, and trimming ourselves, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and, after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the 'hard woods,' which had been free of the fire. Soon after we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for a while. Since then, Sir, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberer; but, thanks be to God, here we are safe, sound, and happy."

And here we are again stopped; for our columns are—but columns; and we are at this moment, perhaps, a little richer in matter, "original and selected," than we care to tell. There is amply sufficient remaining in Mr. Audubon's pages, for half a dozen more notices, were we disposed to follow the exhausting system; but we shall content ourselves, and pleasure our readers with one more, if possible.

The Architectural Director; being an approved Guide to Builders, &c. By John Billington, Architect. Second Edition, greatly enlarged; illustrated by nearly 100 plates and tables. (Publishing in numbers.) Nos. 1 to 8 inclusive.

THIS work develops the theory of design in architecture, rather than the principles of construction in buildings: its aim appears to be, to form the taste of the student by examples taken from the most approved buildings, or selected from the writings of the acknowledged masters in the art;—to investigate the laws upon which they are founded; to reason upon their application;—and thus to form a correct judgment of the fitness or impropriety of their adoption. The name of the author is not familiar to us as an architect, and in the present work he appears before us rather in the character of a compiler and translator, than in that of an original writer. We cannot, indeed, but suspect that the work is wholly, or in great part, a translation,—from the peculiar terms used in it—from the authors quoted being almost exclusively foreign—and from other internal evidences scattered throughout. The writer too, like Milizia, appears more of a connoisseur than a professional man—deriving, in many instances, his information from books, rather than from personal observation; but

he wants the vigorous originality of thought and independent tone of criticism of the Italian. We were surprised, for instance, to find (p. 87,) the following paragraph, which we should have attributed rather to the pen of an Italian or Frenchman, than to that of an Englishman:—"The church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, is mentioned as being constructed from the designs of Inigo Jones. This edifice presents a portico of columns, of what is called the Tuscan order, which is of great simplicity. It cannot be denied, that this mass bears a sufficiently serious character; yet neither the interior nor exterior is distinguished by any merit, either of composition or execution." Such a judgment upon one of the finest monuments of this metropolis, evinces a sad disregard of the simple elements of the sublime in architecture, and is a worthy parallel to the tasteless criticism on the same building, contained in Quatremère de Quincy's *Life of Inigo Jones*. What says *Milizia* upon this church?—"Si stima questa una produzione unica in Europa, e degna della maestosa semplicità degli antichi." Should an Englishman be less just than a foreigner, in appreciating the merits of his countrymen? But, in truth, Mr. Billington strangely misconceives the character of this great master; for, at p. 85, he says, "Jones introduced the antique architecture into England." Had he said *Palladian* or *Italian* architecture, he had been more correct.

The work commences with an inquiry into the nature of architecture, and the knowledge requisite to an architect; which is followed by an essay on the origin of each of the constituent parts of antique architecture, in which the author investigates the characteristics of the styles peculiar to Egypt, India, China, and Greece. He attributes the heavy massive character of the constructions of the two first countries, to the ancient subterranean excavations on the banks of the Nile, and the caverns of Elephantia; the models of Chinese buildings, to the primitive nomade life of the Tartars and Scenites, from whom they descended; and the more refined combinations of the edifices of the classic soil of Greece, to the primitive wooden constructions of the inhabitants. To this last style he yields the palm of excellence. He then gives a brief sketch of the progress of architecture, from the earliest period to the last century—in which he passes in review most of the buildings of any note which have been produced during that time, giving a spirited, and, generally, a judicious opinion on the various architects who have flourished—but borrowed almost entirely from foreign writers, to whom he is by far too much indebted for his judgment upon English architecture. Can Mr. Billington have given his own opinion, when he says, (p. 104,) "The curve of the dome (of St. Paul's) is very fine, and nearly equals that of St. Peter's"? Has Mr. Billington seen St. Peter's? But at the same time that we thus differ from him in his judgment of the relative merit of the dome of St. Paul's, we fully concur with the judicious criticism on the decorative part of that building.

Mr. Billington subsequently proceeds to the consideration of the Orders, minutely describing each component part, and accompanying them with comparative tables, of great value, very carefully compiled. We must observe, how-

ever, that he sets too great a value upon some of the old Italian masters—giving them too prominent a place, and unwisely omitting many Greek examples of the highest merit, and the canons laid down by architects of the first character in our own country. Thus, we conceive, the Tuscan of Covent Garden church, equal at least, if not superior, to either of the four examples quoted by him. The Roman Doric of Sir William Chambers yields not, for masterly conception, to any one of the nine which he brings forward. Besides which, we conceive, that it is not judicious to institute a comparison between the two styles of composition, so decidedly different as the Greek and Roman Doric. In the Ionic, he omits the comparative dimensions of the examples in Asia Minor, which we hold, in opposition to him, to excel, in breadth of effect, simplicity of division, and appropriateness of design, either of the Athenian examples. Subsequent chapters treat upon the interior arrangement of houses—confined, however, to those of the ancients; the history and application of domes; the decoration of buildings; and on the principles and beauty of architectural composition or design, which is the subject of the last number that we have seen. In all these there is great research, much familiarity with the productions of the ancients, and many judicious observations, which we would wish impressed upon the minds of all our architects, and appreciated by their employers.

There are five plates to each number; but we regret to observe, that the examples of domestic edifices adduced are little applicable to our habits, and mode of thinking. The palace of a Roman prince, with its entrance-floor occupied by shops, cellars, stables, and coach-houses, is not at all suited for the town residence of a British nobleman. The author has also followed the absurd method of the writers upon architecture of the sixteenth century—of representing his orders with pedestals—an incongruity which ought long since to have been exploded: it is, besides, an inconvenience, as it reduces to too minute a scale the ensembles of the orders, which, by the bye, we regret to see stippled up. The ornaments at large are beautifully drawn and no less exquisitely engraved. We reserve for a future occasion our notice of the *Glossary*, which, however, requires all the author's attention and correction. It abounds in terms such as "*accesses*—*accouplement*—*antecour*," and others, which are not English. His definitions, too, are very often inaccurate;—as *construction*, which he defines to be "the execution of architectural designs"—whereas, how frequently is construction distinct from all architectural design! *apartment* is explained to be "a suite of rooms apart from the rest of the house"—a definition taken from a French dictionary, not founded upon our usages; *antique* is declared "to signify all productions of the arts executed from the time of Alexander to the end of the sixth century;"—under what class, then, will Mr. Billington place the Cyclopean constructions of Tiryns and Mycenæ—the Temple of Theseus—the Periclean edifices in the Acropolis of Athens? *Anta*, (a term never used by the ancients, except in the plural number,) is defined to be "a species of pilaster, presenting two entire faces"—a very incomplete explanation.

We offer these suggestions in kindness to the author: his work is calculated to be of essential service, and therefore we wish to see it free from such blemishes, that it may be a safe guide to the student, the builder, or the workman, and more correct as a book of reference for the experienced architect.

Small-Talk, by Tallemant des Réaux—[*Les Historiettes de Tallemant des Réaux, publiées par MM. de Châteaugiron et Monmerqué*]. 4 vols. Paris: Levasseur; London, Dulau & Co.

ALMOST all the books published in Germany have a philosophical, an æsthetic, and a systematic tendency; half of those published in England incline towards politics and liberalism; and three-fourths of those published in France, within the last few years, a tendency to obscenity and scandal. When living scandal is wanting or *épuisé*, the French publishers rake up the old dunghills, pry into the old libraries, hunt out and decipher the diary of some forgotten libertine of a past age, and forthwith they print it. Every page of the work, perhaps, has a manifest lie recorded on it; and the lowest debauchery and the foulest immorality are stamped, like the *timbre*, on every sheet. No matter; it will sell.

Tallemant des Réaux was an obscure gentleman of the seventeenth century, who lived in the reign of Louis XIII. He was a *no-body*—what they call in France "*une espèce*," a hanger-on at fêtes, balls, and parties,—one who visited the ladies, courted the Muses by a canzonet or a riddle, criticized the poets of the day, aped the great, wondered at the pageants of the court, drank in with a greedy ear the slanderous title-tattle of the *ruelles*, and made a diary of lies, rumours, scandalous anecdotes, gossip, and all kinds of *billevesées*. Let the reader imagine a sort of rakish Pepys—one whose curiosity never flagged in hunting out, and whose pen was ever ready to chronicle scandal, and register calumny; such a fellow was this Tallemant des Réaux. Through his long life he acted the part of a social spy—peeping through half-opened doors, prying into corners, collecting innuendos, caricatures, epigrams, and, above all, historical, or semi-historical, anecdotes of feminine frailty. At his death his journal filled ten goodly octavo volumes; but such was the indelicacy of the matter, so offensive the general grossness of the work, that not even under the *Régence*—not even in the days of Crebillon fils, would any one undertake to publish it.—A change has come o'er the spirit of French society, and, in 1834, two very respectable gentlemen, one of them belonging to the magistracy, have been found willing to take upon themselves the task of editing the work, which is just now quite the vogue in Paris. It is a garrulous commentary on all those his contemporaries, either illustrious or obscure, known or unknown—lackeys or Princes of the blood, whom Tallemant des Réaux conversed with, associated with, met either in the saloons or the streets, and whom he has here submitted to a searching and microscopic analysis. A scoundrel *valet-de-chambre* cudgelled by his master, or dismissed by his mistress, could hardly deal in scandal more unscrupulously. He leaves not one historical character with-

out suspicion, not one heroic character without a blemish, not one female character without a stain. The Parisians are delighted to see the tomb of old calumnies re-opened; the publication gratifies at once the prevailing taste and thirst for anecdotes, slanders, and epigrammatic sketches.

It must, however, be admitted, that these memoirs have in them some historical and anecdotic interest. The chronicler is so free and voluble in his gossip—so unscrupulous in admitting the reader to the boudoirs, the bed-rooms, the garrets, or the cellars of his contemporaries, (and he thrusts himself every where,) that it would be strange indeed if a page or two might not be gleaned from this vast collection, both of interest and historical value. We shall, therefore, translate some of the best sketches of character and illustrative anecdotes, and thus save even the historical reader the pain of wading through the filth and obscenity which has been required of us as a duty. As a favourable specimen of the author's skill in portrait painting, we may extract a part of his description of Henri Quatre.

If this Prince had been born King of France, and in peaceable possession of the throne, I doubt whether he would have been a distinguished monarch; for, notwithstanding his many disasters, he was apt to neglect the most important concerns in pursuit of pleasure. After the battle of Coutras, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, he went to trifle with the Countess of Guiche, and lay the colours he had won at her feet. During the siege of Amiens he was running after Madame de Beaufort,† without troubling himself about the Cardinal of Austria, afterwards Archduke Albert, who was advancing, intending to raise the siege. He was neither generous nor grateful; he never praised others,—and boasted of himself like a Gascon. On the other hand, there never was a Prince more humane, nor one who more loved his people; he was indefatigable in watching over the safety of the state. He showed on many occasions that he had a quick perception, and could take a jest in good part: he was naturally of a thievish disposition, and could not help appropriating to himself whatever he could find, but he restored it; and used to say that if he had not been a King he should have been hanged. In person he was not of a very prepossessing appearance: Madame de Semit, who had been accustomed to see Henry III., observed, when she met Henry IV., "I have seen the King, but I have not seen his Majesty." There is at Fontainebleau a singular evidence of the considerate goodness of this Prince. A house projects into one of the gardens; it belonged to a man who never would consent to sell it, although offered considerably more than its value, and Henry would not suffer him to be violently dispossessed of it. When he perceived a house in a state of dilapidation, he used to say, "That must either belong to me or to the Church."

But decidedly the best anecdotes in the work, are those relating to the literary men of the day—(how different from the Hugo, the Beranger, the Chateaubriand of our France!) and the chapters on Malherbe and Racan are among the most amusing in the four volumes. We shall string together a few from each, and first of Malherbe.

His great pleasure, when in the society of his friends, Racan, Colomby, and Yvrande, was to manifest the utter contempt he felt for those distinctions which are valued by the world in

general. He used often to say to Racan, who was of the noble race of Bueil, and who had the silly pride frequently to boast of his descent from the old nobility, "That the more ancient, the more doubtful, as one vicious woman was sufficient to corrupt the blood of St. Louis or Charlemagne;" adding, "those who fancy they are descended from these great heroes, are probably the sons of some valet or fiddler." He did not spare himself, even in the art in which he excelled, and would say to Racan, "See, my dear Sir, if our verses outlive us, all the glory we may hope for, is to have it said that we were clever in arranging syllables, and must have been somewhat mad to pass our whole lives in the exercise of talents of so little profit either to the world or to ourselves, instead of considering how best to make our fortunes.—He lost his mother when he was more than fifty-eight years old, and was long deliberating whether he should put himself in mourning. "Think," said he, "what a pretty orphan I shall make!" At last, however, he did.—He had an elder brother, with whom he was always at law, and when some one said to him—"Law-suits betwixt such near relations? Heavens! what a bad example!" "And with whom else should I have them," replied he, "with Turks and Muscovites? I have nothing to share with them."—The morning the Princess of Bourbon was brought to bed of two dead infants, Malherbe met one of the Provincial Councillors: "What's the matter?" said Malherbe. "Can any good man feel happy," answered the Councillor, "after losing two princes of the blood royal?"—"Sir, Sir," said Malherbe, "don't let that afflict you, only take care and serve well, and you will always find a master."—Once, when pitying one of his relations, who had a large family, the gentleman replied, "He could not have too many children, provided they were *gens de bien*." "That is not my opinion," said the poet; "I'd rather eat my one capon with a single robber than with twenty priests." He disliked to talk politics; and said it was better not to interfere in the management of a vessel in which you are only a passenger.—He once invited seven of his friends to dinner, and only seven dishes were placed on table, each containing a boiled capon, for he said that as he loved his friends all equally well, so they should be equally treated,—not giving one a leg, and another a wing.—His mode of punishing his servant was amusing. He gave him tenpence a day, which was handsome in those times, and twenty crowns extra wages. When this servant vexed him he would remonstrate with him thus—"My friend, he who offends his master, offends God; and he who offends God must fast and give alms to obtain pardon. Therefore, I shall keep back fivepence of your pay, which I shall give to the poor, on your account, for the expiation of your sins."—It is said that an hour before his death he roused himself suddenly, and reprimanded his nurse for a word which, to his taste, was not good French; and on his confessor's reproving him, he answered it was his wish to maintain the purity of the French language even to the moment of his death.

His friend and pupil, Racan, seems to have been as absent and *outré* as was once thought becoming in a literary man. He was ugly too; the following anecdote is one of the best told in the book, and might almost be taken for a lost scene from the inimitable 'Précieuses Ridicules.'

The Chevalier de Bueil and Yvrande, knowing that Racan was to go at three o'clock to thank Madlle. Gournay, who had sent him her new work, resolved to put a trick upon him, and the unlucky lady also. The Chevalier accordingly went there at one. He knocked—Jamyn ran to tell her mistress that a gentleman

asked for her. She was making verses, and looking up, said, "That thought was a charming one—but it may return, and the gentleman, perhaps, may not." He announced himself as Racan, and she, who only knew Racan by reputation, believed it. She paid him a thousand attentions in her own way, and thanked him above all things, for his condescending, so young and handsome as he was, to visit a poor old woman. The Chevalier, who was a wit, told her some pleasant tales—she was enchanted to find him so lively—and as her cat annoyed her by mewing, "Jamyn," said she, "make *Piaillon* be quiet, that I may hear what M. de Racan says." When he was gone, Yvrande arrived, who, finding the door half opened, said as he glided in, "I enter unceremoniously, Mademoiselle, but the illustrious Madlle. de Gournay ought not to be treated in a common manner."—"The compliment charms me," cried the spinster. "Jamyn, my tablets, that I may set it down."—"I am come to thank you, Mademoiselle, for the honour you have done me in presenting me your book."—"But, Sir," replied the lady, "I have not given it to you—I ought, however, to have done it. Jamyn, an 'Ombre' for this gentleman."—"I have already one, Mademoiselle, and to prove it to you, there are such and such things in such a chapter." Then he told her, that in return, he had brought her some verses in his own style—she takes them and reads. "See, how nice! Jamyn," said she; "Jamyn can understand them, Sir; she is the natural daughter of Anadis Jamyn, Ronard's page. How nice! here a bit of Malherbe, there so like Colomby. How nice! But may I not know your name?"—"Mademoiselle, my name is Racan."—"Sir, you are making a joke of me."—"I, Mademoiselle, I make a joke of the heroine—of the daughter in soul of the great Montaigne, of the illustrious maiden of whom Lipsius has said, *videamus quid sit paritura ista virgo*!"—"Well, well," said she, "the person who has just gone, then, has been wishing to play a trick upon me, or, perhaps, you choose to amuse yourself at my expense; but never mind, let the young laugh at the old. I shall always rejoice to have had a visit from two such good-looking and intellectual gentlemen." And upon this they parted. A moment afterwards, came the real Racan, who entered absolutely out of breath. He was rather asthmatic, and the lady's rooms were in the third story. "Mademoiselle," said he, unceremoniously, "excuse me if I take a chair." He did all this very awkwardly, and spoke with a stammer. "O, what a ridiculous figure, Jamyn," cried Madlle. de Gournay. "Mademoiselle, I will tell you in a quarter of an hour, why I am come hither, as soon as I get my breath. Why the devil do you live up so high? Ah!" said he, panting, "it is a height! Mademoiselle, I thank you for your present, your 'Ombre,'† which you have given me, and I am much obliged to you." The spinster looked at him with a contemptuous air, "Jamyn," said she, "undecieve this poor gentleman—I have only given my book to M. de Malherbe, and to M. de Racan."—"Well, Mademoiselle, that is I."—"Did you ever see the like of this, Jamyn? A pretty fellow this!—at least the other two were agreeable, but this is an ill-looking buffoon."—"Mademoiselle, I am the real Racan."—"I don't know who you are," answered she, "but you are the greatest fool of the three. *Mondieu!* I don't understand these jokes." She flew into an absolute passion. Racan, not knowing what to do, chanced to see a collection of his poems: "Mademoiselle," said he, "take this book, and I will repeat you all my verses by heart." But this did not in the least appease her; she cried *thief!* Her people came hurrying up stairs—

† It seems from Tallemant, that Racan could not pronounce the letters *R* and *C*.

† Gabrielle d'Estrees.

Racan hung to the railing, and let himself slide down to the bottom.—That very day the lady heard the particulars of the whole affair: she was in despair; she borrowed a coach, and set forth betimes the next morning to seek Racan. He was still in bed, and asleep; she drew back the curtain, he saw her, rushed out and hid himself in a closet. She was obliged to capitulate before she could prevail upon him to come out. Afterwards they became the best friends in the world, for she asked his pardon a thousand times. Bois Robert acted this admirably—they called the piece 'The Three Racans.' It was even played in the presence of Racan himself, who laughed till he cried, and said, "*Il dit vîai—il dit vîai.*"

Turning over the leaves of this work, and when about to take a final leave of it, we have stumbled on an anecdote of Marshal Biron, the ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, which is, perhaps, worth translating:—

He was (says Tallemant) humane towards his servants. His steward, who had long and earnestly pressed upon him the necessity of reducing his establishment, at last presented him with a list of such domestics as were perfectly useless. "These then," said the Marshal, "you say I can do without—but it remains to be shown that they can do without me;" and he did not dismiss one of them.

Hood's Comic Annual for the Year 1835.

[Second Notice.]

"We return," (to use the established phrase,) "to this valuable and interesting work." Having begun, however, in this orthodox manner, and satisfied the critical proprieties, we shall slide into our slippers with a growl of contentment such as he utters, who, after a long day's journey through sleet and mire, finds himself cozily ensconced in his own chimney corner, prepared to laugh our fill and take our ease. And in the communicativeness of this jovial humour—"the multiplicity of talk," as Bubb Doddington hath it—we may inform the gentle and indulgent public that, for once more, boldness hath been crowned with success; and that the—ahem!—"conveyance" of the woodcuts for our opening number has been so far from displeasing to our friend, that, from the abundance of his own wealth, the eighty and more sketches of "life, manners, and scenery," which are to adorn his pages, he hath permitted us to select four more, that the mirth of our readers—(and which among them is not merry as well as wise?) may be "a mystery" in two acts.

How happy must he be, who, in these years of exhaustion, when everything ani-

mate and inanimate has been seen by everybody, and seen again to weariness, and described till one would think all the race of Quill would rise up with one accord, and cry "New or none!"—how happy must he be, who possesses a prospect glass of his own, which shows him the common scenes of life—"the little ways of men," under an aspect as original and diverting, as if they belonged to Lilliput, or the Flying Island—or were the queer tricks of Pucks, Brownies, and Robin Goodfellows! Who, for instance, but Thomas Hood, could have mixed such a dose of 'James's Powder,' as the one we offer to our readers, according to his prescription? If, in any future fever, we are haunted by imaginary cannonades and parks of artillery, we shall know what it means. Who that has ever read Telemachus—(though skilful hands have been lately employed upon that sentimental starched old story)—could have imagined a youth so full of ingenuous awe—a Mentor arrayed in such dignity, as the figures beneath? Which of the fundholders and gentlemen conversant with the "bulls and bears," had ever such a clear notion of "Navy stock" as our friend possesses? And we dare aver, that of a thousand sketches of Egyptian antiquities, his is the only true one of the far-famed Pompey's Pillar!



NAVY STOCK.



POMPEY'S PILLAR.



"AND TELEMACHUS KNEW THAT HE BEHELD MINERVA."



JAMES'S POWDER.

Read, too, in how new a manner does our merry magician present us with old things; listen to his travelling experiences, and then talk of Doctor Clarke and Captain Head! Had we power over this modern Merlin, we would make him write us a volume of his 'Sketches on the Road': the tale of the timid woman is inimitable, and we fear she has not got to York yet. Something different, though no less excellent, is the one we extract.

The Discovery.

"It's a nasty evening," said Mr. Dornton, the stock-broker, as he settled himself in the last inside place of the last Fulham coach, driven by our old friend Mat—an especial friend in need, be it remembered, to the fair sex.

"I wouldn't be outside," said Mr. Jones, another stock-broker, 'for a trifle.'

"Nor I, as a speculation in options," said Mr. Parsons, another frequenter of the Alley.

"I wonder what Mat is waiting for," said Mr. Tidwell, 'for we are full, inside and out.'

"Mr. Tidwell's doubt was soon solved,—the coach-door opened, and Mat somewhat ostentatiously inquired, what he very well knew—"I believe every place is took up inside?"

"We're all here," answered Mr. Jones, on behalf of the usual complement of old strangers.

"I told you so, Ma'm," said Mat, to a female who stood beside him, but still leaving the door open to an invitation from within. However, nobody spoke—on the contrary, I felt Mr. Hindmarsh, my next neighbour, dilating himself like the frog in the fable.

"I don't know what I shall do," exclaimed the woman; 'I've no where to go to, and it's raining cats and dogs!'

"You'd better not hang about, any how," said Mat, 'for you may ketch your death,—and I'm the last coach,—an't I, Mr. Jones?'

"To be sure you are," said Mr. Jones, rather impatiently; 'shut the door.'

"I told the lady the gentlemen couldn't make room for her," answered Mat, in a tone of apology,—'I'm very sorry, my dear,' (turning towards the female) 'you should have my seat, if you could hold the ribbons—but such a pretty one as you ought to have a coach of her own.'

He began slowly closing the door.

"Stop, Mat, stop!" cried Mr. Dornton, and the door quickly unclosed again; 'I can't give up my place for I'm expected home to dinner; but if the lady wouldn't object to sit on my knees—'

"Not the least in the world," answered Mat, eagerly; you won't object, will you, ma'm, for once in a way, with a married gentleman, and a wet night, and the last coach on the road?"

"If I thought I shouldn't uncommodate," said the lady, precipitately furling her wet umbrella, which she handed in to one gentleman, whilst she favoured another with her muddy pattens. She then followed herself, Mat shutting the door behind her, in such a manner as to help her in. 'I'm sure I'm obliged for the favour,' she said, looking round; 'but which gentleman was so kind?'

"It was I who had the pleasure of proposing, Madam," said Mr. Dornton; and before he pronounced the last word she was in his lap, with an assurance that she would sit as lightsome as she could. Both parties seemed very well pleased with the arrangement; but to judge according to the rules of Lavater, the rest of the company were but ill at ease. For my own part, I candidly confess I was equally out of humour with myself and the person who had set me such an example of gallantry. I, who had read the lays of the Troubadours—the awards of the old 'Courts of Love'—the lives of the 'preux Chevaliers'—the history of Sir Charles Grandison—to be outdone in courtesy to the sex by a married

stockbroker! How I grudged him the honour she conferred upon him—how I envied his feelings!

"I did not stand alone, I suspect, in this unjustifiable jealousy; Messrs. Jones, Hindmarsh, Tidwell, and Parsons seemed equally disinclined to forgive the chivalrous act which had, as true knights, lowered all our crests, and blotted our scutcheons, and cut off our spurs. Many an unfair jibe was launched at the champion of the fair, and when he attempted to enter into conversation with the lady, he was interrupted by incessant questions of 'What is stirring in the Alley?'—'What is doing in Dutch?'—'How are the Rentes?'

"To all these questions Mr. Dornton incontinently returned business-like answers, according to the last Stock Exchange quotations; and he was in the middle of an elaborate enumeration, that so and so was very firm, and so and so very low, and this rather brisk, and that getting up, and operations, and fluctuations, and so forth, when somebody inquired about Spanish Bonds.

"They are looking up, my dear," answered Mr. Dornton, somewhat abstractedly; and before the other stockbrokers had done titting the stage stopped. A bell was rung, and whilst Mat stood beside the open coach-door, a staid female in a calash and clogs, with a lantern in her hand, came clattering pompously down a front garden.

"Is Susan Pegge come?" inquired a shrill voice.

"Yes, I be," replied the lady who had been drynursed from town;—'are you, ma'm, number ten, Grove Place?'

"This is Mr. Dornton's," said the dignified woman in the hood, advancing her lantern,—'and—mercy on us! you're in master's lap!'

A shout of laughter from five of the inside passengers corroborated the assertion, and like a literal cat out of the bag, the ci-devant lady, forgetting her umbrella and her pattens, bolted out of the coach, and, with feline celerity rushed up the garden, and down the area, of number ten.

"Renounce the woman!" said Mr. Dornton, as he scuttled out of the stage—'Why the devil didn't she tell me she was the new cook?'

What would the elder writers for youth—the Mrs. Trimmers (by the way, Hood gives us a spirited portrait of this worthy lady,) and Miss Taylors, have said to the use he has made of their favourite form of verse? The 'Lay of Life' tells a doleful story, but, for all that, true, in the main, to the experiences of many an unfortunate creature.

A Lay of Real Life.

"Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle."—GOLDSMITH.

"Some are born with tin rings in their noses, and some with silver ones."—SILVERSMITH.

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope, the over-seer?
My Father.

Who let me starve, to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin"?
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home—and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?
My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast,
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter bang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played, cried "What a noise!"—
Girls always hector over boys—
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight, and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said "Good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had;"
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass,
Referr'd me to the pump? Alas!
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathised with grief,
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?
Myself.

We must now take leave of our lively, laughing friend, and, with a slight modification of Mr. Croaker's stock wish, part from him in the hope "that we may be all the better with him this day twelvemonth."

A Critical History of English Literature, from the Times of Bacon to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century.—[*Histoire Critique de la Littérature Anglaise, depuis Bacon jusqu'au commencement du XIX^e siècle.*] By M. L. Mézières; comprising History—Fiction—Correspondence. Paris: Baudry; London, Dulau.

THIS is a book rather for the Parisian than the English public, and it ought to be entitled *Critical Sketches*, rather than *History* of English Literature. On the whole, however, M. Mézières has fulfilled his task with acuteness and discrimination, though, in places, his remarks and opinions appear to us a little superficial. He complains in his preface of the incompleteness of the histories of our literature; it is true that such a general view of the fine country which our wise men have cultivated and our poets adorned till we verily believe it to be unrivalled in its beauty, as would be taken by a calm, far-seeing, dispassionate master-mind, is yet wanting, though we trust that this desideratum will, ere long, be supplied by Mr. Disraeli; but any one conversant with our general literature, and especially the periodicals of the last fifty years, would have little difficulty in collecting together such a body of criticism and information as would leave little to be proved or told.

The authors, of whom M. Mézières treats, are Bacon, Temple, Swift, Steele, Addison, Pope, Defoe, Lady Montagu, Melmoth, Richardson, Fielding, Hume, Johnson, Hawkesworth, Smollett, Moore, Colman, Chesterfield, Gray, Sterne, Goldsmith, Franklin (?), Mackenzie, Knox, Burns, Cumberland, Monk Lewis, Cowper, Godwin and Scott. M. Mézières is a little hasty in some of his conclusions and

statements; as, for instance, when he tells us, that Defoe is only remembered for his 'Robinson Crusoe;' nor does he judge by our standard of excellence, when, in examining the merits of Dr. Moore as a writer, he confines himself to his miscellany, 'The World,' at best but a repetition of what had been done better before, and leaves untouched his novels, which are shrewd, original, and full of character. Nor can we agree with him in calling 'Kenilworth' the last of Sir Walter Scott's first-rate romances, when we remember that 'Quentin Durward,' and 'The Talisman,' and 'The Highland Widow,' and 'The Fair Maid of Perth' were all published after it. Above all, we think that, in taking a view of our English letter-writers, he was bound to have given the first place to Horace Walpole. We can, by no means, rest contented with the excuse, that he could not procure a copy of his works. They are fully worth the cost of a journey to London, to any one meaning to write upon the subject. M. Mézières' work is, however, a pleasant one, and ought to be popular in France, were it only for the sake of its extracts.

Egypt and Palestine.—[Correspondance d'Orient. Par M. Michaud et M. Poujoulat. Tome V.] Paris: Duclouet; London, Richter.

M. Michaud, the celebrated historian of the Crusades, travelled through the greater part of Greece, Turkey, Anatolia, and Palestine, in the year 1830, accompanied by M. Poujoulat, a gentleman remarkable for his attachment to the literature of the Middle Ages. In the year 1831, the travellers, finding that their purposed investigations could not be completed within the limited time at their disposal, resolved to separate: Michaud sailed for Egypt; Poujoulat remained to complete his tour in Palestine. Their letters are in the course of publication, but the volumes, unfortunately, appear at very distant intervals. It was our design to wait for the completion of the work before introducing it to our readers; but, in the present state of our relations with the Levantine countries, accurate information respecting the state and condition of Egypt under Mohammed Ali, is too valuable to be withheld from the public, especially as Michaud is, beyond comparison, the most careful inquirer that has, of late days, visited the land of the Pharaohs.

Unlike most of the French litterati, M. Michaud is a zealous Christian—a royalist, slightly tinctured with Carlism, and a contemner of all new theories in social economy. Luckily, he is not an antiquarian—but prefers the living to the dead: the present generation interests him more deeply than that which has passed away three thousand years ago, and he feels more sympathy for a man than for a mummy. For our own parts, we must confess to some participation in his feelings: we value more a description of the present inhabitants of Egypt—their manners, their customs, their political and social condition—than the most eloquent account of the glories of Rameses—the most ingenious dissertation on the worship of Apis—or the most learned commentary on the Euterpe of Herodotus.

M. Michaud, after a tedious voyage, landed at Alexandria. Though familiar with the

aspect of Oriental cities, he found some novelty in the ancient capital of the Ptolemys.

The garrison of Alexandria is very numerous: the sound of the drum constantly mingles with all the cries of the streets, and all the noises of the city. I am constantly stopped by regiments marching past, in their red uniform, covered with mud and dust. I experience another impediment in the most frequented streets—the meeting with camels carrying enormous beams, hewn stones, or enormous packages. One of the greatest conveniences of Alexandria must not be omitted—a convenience that we have not found in any other eastern city: at the corner of every street, there is a stand of asses, saddled and bridled, that, for a few paras, will carry you rapidly from one end of the city to the other; they are the omnibuses of this country, and the inhabitants, as well as strangers, have no other means of conveyance in the city, or out of the city. * * We meet here all sorts of nations—Arabs, Turks, Moors, Franks, Greeks, Copts, Syrians, &c.; but all these jumbled together scarcely amount to twelve thousand inhabitants. I was especially anxious to see what progress the spirit of reform had made in this population, and to compare it with what we had recently witnessed in Turkey. * * We see the troops of the Pacha exercise every day in the public places: they appear much better kept, and better disciplined, than the new militia of Sultan Mahmoud. I will add, that the inhabitants of Alexandria, and especially the Arabs, evince less repugnance to western institutions than the Turks, at least, so far as the progress of industry is concerned; but I have generally remarked, that greater aptitude is shown for imitating the vices of Europe, than for receiving its institutions, or its illumination.

M. Michaud has not allowed his imagination to be led astray by the gigantic projects of Mohammed Ali: he even questions the prudence of many parts of his policy that have generally attracted the admiration of Europeans.

I have visited the arsenal: what a difference there is between it and the arsenal of Stamboul (Constantinople)! Two or three thousand workmen are incessantly employed. They are now (1831) building a ship of the line and a frigate: it is only a month since they launched a vessel of eighty guns. All this seems like enchantment: thus the architect who superintends the work passes for a magician! When the last vessel was launched, the Arabs said, that angels drew it into the sea with invisible ropes! * * In this immense manufactory, labour meets the worst recompense: blows are the great moving power of all these prodigies of activity and industry. The arsenal contains twelve or fifteen hundred artificers, who are paid two or three piastres per day; but the labourers get only a little bread and water. The number of these wretches daily increases: men are sentenced to penal labour for the merest trifle—often without any judicial form. We saw there one of the young Egyptians that had been sent to France for education: his crime was, having learned nothing!

In looking at these gigantic labours, we naturally ask, to what purpose do they tend? There is not a ship of the line that does not exhaust the revenues of several provinces. All the produce of Egyptian agriculture is exchanged for sails, rigging, anchors, masts, and a thousand other articles of naval equipment; but, in order that a fleet, constructed at such vast expense, should put to sea, and effect what is designed, it must be provided with sailors and officers;—now I do not see here the shadow of an institution, or school, for naval education! I have generally remarked, that, in all the

Oriental governments that attempt to imitate European institutions, there is some deficiency, some incompleteness, that reveals their former barbarism, and renders doubtful the success of all their enterprises, and all their reforms.

But let us quit the city, and accompany our traveller into the villages of the Delta—and see what the European reforms have done for the Fellahs, the Egyptian peasants, whom few of our travellers have deemed worthy of notice. Their general character is, unfortunately, applicable to a country nearer home.

There is little similarity between the Turkish and Egyptian peasant: the Turk is naturally proud and haughty, always ready to resist oppression and injustice; the Fellah has the melancholy look of one accustomed to suffer—the timid and cowardly air of a man who is hopeless of remedy or aid: in vain does the Nile lavish its treasures on every hand—none of them are his; in the midst of almost miraculous fertility, the Fellah keeps his eyes fixed upon the ground, as if he lived in a country under a curse. There are in Egypt myriads of labourers, who gather abundant harvests, and who eat nothing but the herbs of the field, bread made of flax-seed, and boiled beans. The celebrated Amrû once compared the people of Egypt to the bees, who labour incessantly for the benefit of others: the state of the poor cultivators of Egypt has undergone little alteration since the days of Amrû.

You cannot form an idea of the number of miserable wretches that are to be found in the villages where we land, during our voyage up the Nile. We see only men almost naked, or covered with rags worse than nudity—countenances on which pain and suffering have ploughed deep furrows—youth, without its characteristic gaiety—women, in whom poverty has effaced the traits of their sex. It is here that we find how limited is our vocabulary for expressing misery; it is presented to us at every step, and under all its forms.

The condition of the Fellahs has been rendered worse than ever under the government of Mohammed Ali: his plans of reform require money, and to collect money, by right or by wrong, is the leading, almost the only principle of his administration.

He has not only taken possession of all the lands, but of all the trades in Egypt; nothing productive—nothing by which money can be gained, escapes his avarice: no gains, however small—no profits, however trifling, will he leave to the poor Fellahs. I shall only cite one or two examples of his rapacious spirit. As wood is scarce in Egypt, the peasants use dung, dried in the sun, for fuel: the Pacha has taken the monopoly of this combustible. He has also seized the exclusive right of making and selling rush mats: the Fellah, who formerly manufactured such mats for his own use, is now obliged to purchase them from the Pacha, or to lie on the naked floor of his hut.

The public works undertaken by the Pacha have been extravagantly praised—but nothing has been said of the amount of human suffering by which these equivocal benefits have been purchased. We shall quote one example out of the many supplied to us by M. Michaud:—

There remained still an hour of daylight, when we arrived before the canal of Mahmoudieh: it was designed to establish a direct communication between Alexandria and Cairo; but this has not yet been accomplished: for the canal, especially at this season, is not navigable until we reach the village of Kérym, four or five leagues from its confluence. In

several places the bed is filled by the mud which the Nile deposits, when it overflows. The Turkish engineers have never been able to find a remedy for this evil: nevertheless, the canal of Mahmoudieh has cost the Pacha a great deal of money; and the Fellahs of the neighbouring provinces have never forgotten the compulsory labours to which they have been condemned by this enterprise. These wretches assembled, to the number of five and twenty thousand, without food, without raiment, without even the necessary implements, scraped out the earth with their hands, and worked, without relaxation, over their knees in mud and water—often ill-treated by the soldiers. More than twelve thousand of them died in a short time, mowed down by hunger, fatigue, sickness, or despair. They were buried where they fell, and the banks of the canal now cover their bones.

Two hundred labourers are now employed, day and night, in turning wheels, to carry the waters of the Nile into the bed of the canal. As we approached, the whole company assailed us with the most horrible abuse and imprecations. I advanced in some fear; but our interpreter re-assured me, by declaring that they attacked all Europeans in the same way, because they blamed Europeans for having suggested the idea of this canal to the Pacha.

Though thus oppressed, the Fellahs display no want of industry or ingenuity; and many scenes may be witnessed on the Nile, that prove the moral capabilities of this unfortunate people. The circumstances mentioned in the following extract, will probably be new to most of our readers:—

Amongst the barks that come down the river, some particularly attract my attention; we meet boats on which a great number of bee-hives are ranged one above another in a pyramidal form. It is two months since these hives have been sent into Upper Egypt, where clover and sainfoin flourish better than in the Delta; the travelling bees who have thus got the start of spring, sojourn for some weeks in the plains of Thebes and Montfalut; they then come down the Nile, and stop in the Fayum covered with roses; and in every place where lands rich in flowers afford them booty; at the end of March they return to the Delta, whence they set out and are restored to the huts of the Fellahs, who own the hives. A different spectacle next attracts notice; it is a flotilla composed of several rafts; each raft is formed of earthen jars fastened together with branches of palm; as the flotilla goes down the Nile, the pottery of which it is composed, is sold in the towns and villages that border on the river. At each station one raft is disposed of. When those who conduct the flotilla have sold all, their voyage is at an end, they quit the Nile and return home by land.

If the Pacha really possessed political wisdom, he might, with a population thus industrious and ingenious, soon raise Egypt to a high rank in the scale of civilization, but under his present system of administration, the Fellahs are daily retrograding. How can it be otherwise? They till the land, but the Pacha claims to be lord of the soil and seizes the produce; their wives spin yarn for the cotton manufactories, but the Pacha is the proprietor, and pays anything or nothing as caprice dictates. A heavy capitation tax is strictly levied, the collectors go armed with huge thongs, and the least delay or hesitation is punished with fearful severity; there can be no private gains, for one half of the Egyptians act as spies upon the rest, and the porter who is paid for carrying your luggage, and the mendicant relieved by your

charity, must pay toll from his pittance to the all-grasping Pacha. Conscription comes as the consummation of all these evils; Mohammed Ali has improved on the civilized system of impressment:—

Amongst the miseries that overwhelm the Fellahs, we must not forget the mode of recruiting for the army; at the first signal a village or town is surrounded by soldiers, all the young men are seized and dragged with chains round their necks to the nearest camp or garrison; all are forced to enlist except the diseased and the maimed; but even they are not sent home until after a delay of several days, and a very rigid examination. These young men are marched off in files, tied together with ropes; no rations are distributed to them; they are driven forward by blows; they are followed by their weeping families, and the roads are crowded with weeping spectators. We met several troops of these unhappy conscripts; the young Fellahs have sometimes attempted to escape into the desert; but the Pacha has engaged the Bedouin Arabs to act as his police. There is no asylum for those who fly.

Many of the Europeans who witness these scenes of oppression, and the consequent exasperation of the people, dream of the possibility of effecting a revolution, by which Egypt might be really regenerated. But M. Michaud, by a few words of common sense, dispels these Utopian speculations.

This desire to throw off the yoke has nothing in common with the love of freedom, or with a revolution, as understood by Europeans. To proclaim the sovereignty of the people, to elect rulers by ballot, to decide by vote on all that constitutes society, to speak of a charter, of a declaration of rights, of freedom as known to us, require not merely intelligence, but food and leisure. All these things, so dear to a free people, belong only to those who are in some degree comfortable, and above the actual pressure of want; no similar notion can enter into the heads of wretches suffering from hunger even more than from despotism, and who could not tell what to do with liberty, if it came down to them from heaven.

Our author frequently remarks on the similarity between the customs of ancient and modern Egypt. Near Rosetta, are still to be found representatives of the Psilli or Ophiogenes, those devourers of serpents, so frequently mentioned by the writers of antiquity. Almost the only change in this extraordinary people is, that they have chosen for their patron a Mohammedan saint, instead of an Egyptian deity:—

Every year in the month of July, they celebrate the festival of the Santon Sadi, the patron of the serpent-charmers. Sadi's great miracle is, having fastened several serpents together, to tie up a bundle of wood. The Psilli do not fail to attend the procession in his honour; they come with the most monstrous reptile, which they bite with their sharp teeth, and tear to pieces in presence of the astonished multitude. I questioned M. Camps on the subject; he tells me that the exhibition is gradually falling into disuse, and that on the last occasion it was the serpents who bit the Psilli, which of course was the less prodigy. † However, we must suppose that those to whom such accidents happened, had not been initiated into the mysteries of the sect, or were clumsy disciples of Sadi. I wished to see some of these Psilli; one of the most famous promised to visit me, and bring with him some large serpents; but at the moment I

† Pliny, in his account of the Ophiogenes, declares that their charms sometimes failed, and that many every year fell victims to their temerity.—Ed.

expected him, he sent word, that the Wali (chief of police) had forbidden him to come. The Psilli are generally persuaded, that Europeans disbelieve their marvellous art, and only wish to see them for the purpose of mockery. If the great serpent-charmer of Rosetta feared to find me an unbeliever, I must confess that he was very much mistaken; for I am inclined to believe, that there has been always in Egypt a certain class of men, who had the secret of subduing the ferocity of serpents, and neutralizing their poison. On this subject I have collected the testimony of the most enlightened travellers I have met on my route. The physicians in the service of the Pacha have been witnesses of matters still more extraordinary. While traversing Upper Egypt, and the coasts of the Red Sea, they met everywhere the Ophiogenes mentioned by ancient writers. There is not a town or village, in whose streets may not be seen men carrying baskets in their hands, and offering their services to expel serpents from the houses; at the same time they sell all sorts of remedies and charms against the bite of scorpions and vipers. You will say, that there is much imposture and quackery in all this; but quackery is a proof of the existence of true science. If medicine had no reality, there would be no mountebanks in medicine, just as there would be no liars, only for the existence of truth.

A still more pleasing relic of ancient customs, is the mode in which the Egyptian funerals are conducted. M. Michaud thus describes a funeral procession, which he met on his return from the cemetery of Rosetta:

As we returned to the town, we stopped to see a funeral pass by; the deceased belonged to one of the most respectable families in the country; the procession was attended by women, who in turns waved their handkerchiefs in the air, or drew their tight round their necks as if to strangle themselves; they uttered at intervals the most piercing screams; sometimes they addressed a few words to the bier, and raised themselves on tip-toe, as if to see whether the corpse would reply. All these mournful scenes, all these expressions of grief, are, as you are probably aware, quite unknown to the Turks, who are never seen to lament at a funeral. Another difference deserves to be remarked: in Turkey the bearers of the body almost run, whilst here they march with slow and measured tread. The procession that we saw pass by, stopped before certain houses, and sometimes receded a few steps. I was told, that the dead thus stopped before the doors of their friends to bid them a last farewell, and before the doors of their enemies, to effect a reconciliation before parting for ever. This desire that the dead should leave none but kindly remembrances behind them, and this anxiety, that the affections of life should accompany them to the tomb, have something in them very touching; I confess that I was never more deeply interested, than by such a spectacle.

We take our leave of this pleasant traveller with regret, but before doing so, we must extract his useful lesson to all tourists, but which especially merits the attention of those who visit lands associated with classical reminiscences:—

When I read over the writings of the travellers who have preceded me, I feel how difficult it is when we see the rarities of a foreign land, to put a check upon our admiration. God forbid that I should draw up an indictment against the travellers of a former age, but I have learned this lesson from their descriptions, that we ought to guard carefully against enthusiasm when we have it, and still more carefully when we have it not.

The letters of M. Poujoulat contain as animated pictures of life in Jerusalem, as those of M. Michaud do of life in Egypt; we may therefore resume our examination of this interesting volume at an early opportunity.

FAMILY LIBRARY. No. XLVIII. & XLIX. *Gleig's History of British India.* Vols. II. & III. London: Murray.

A new history of British India was not wanted; ages must pass away before the able, honest volumes of Mill can be rivalled. In the wide range of historic literature, there cannot perhaps be found a task requiring such rare and varied qualifications, as the description of the circumstances under which our mighty empire in the East was founded and secured. Of these, Mr. Mill possesses, most if not all, and Mr. Gleig few, if any. We shall not go into a minute examination of this work, but may refer as to a strong, and almost conclusive instance of Mr. Gleig's negligence, his mis-statement respecting the most solemn festival celebrated by the Mohammedans of India, the Mohurram. Mr. Gleig, forgetting that the Mohammedan year is lunar, says, that this festival is celebrated on the 14th of November, to commemorate the murder of the brothers Hossein and Jussein. We may add, that it would puzzle *Œdipus* to discover that the latter name is intended for Hassan.

Mirth and Morality; a Collection of Original Tales, by Carlton Bruce.—Mr. Bruce is the merriest of Mentors, and, with his wise and pleasant little lessons, mingles so many tales of romping merry-makings, and excellent jokes, devised to make the naughty good again, that we fear—"but what of that?" The woodcuts are, some of them, capital; and we fancy that the Cruikshank has been here also, pencil in hand. The book is a fit present for the young at holiday times.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

SONNETS.

BY R. F. ROUSMAN.

LOVE.

A spirit, golden-haired, upon the side
Of a dark willow-shaded streamlet lay;
Sweetly the silent waters lapsed away,
And silently that spirit watched them glide.
And oft he fondly culled the violets pied,
And virgin lilies, with the budding spray
Of roses, ere they pined in soft decay—
And gently cast them on the peaceful tide.
Day passed, and Night; all seasons went and came;
The green earth blossom'd, and grew white;
but there,
O'er the smooth marge of that sequestered
brook,
The faithful spirit hung—in all, the same,
Save that his blue eyes wore a milder look,
And on his brow there dwelt a chastened air.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Following the footsteps of the dewy morn,
Two Spirits passed, in sportive chase, before me:
O, both were beautiful—for both were born
In the soft violet sky that deepened o'er me.
The brow of one was white—was snowy white;
A wreath of glory, fresh and sparkling bound it;
And a fair coronal of golden light
For ever played, like restless thought, around it.
Tresses—dark tresses—such as sweetly flow
From willow trees when starry Midnight sighs,
Shrouded the other maiden's peerless brow,
And veiled the meekness of her drooping eyes.
O, beautiful—most beautiful was she,
With her grave looks, and smiles of quiet glee.

LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

AMERICA.—Continued from p. 13.

ORATORY is the proper growth of a republic. It is now in America as it was once in Athens—the fire and energy of its master-minds find their readiest vent in public addresses, and will, in this shape, live with posterity when the other exponents of the age are indistinct or forgotten. We do not think the orations of America are known in England,† and yet, to produce but the half-dozen which lie before us, would be to answer at once the great outcry for something national and peculiar. There is no anniversary in America—no occurrence of public interest—no death of a distinguished individual, in their own country or abroad, which has a reference to the history of their independence—nothing in any way bearing on their feeling for the republic, which is not commemorated in an oration—and one, too, in which the utmost liberty is given to the speaker, and which, from the excitement that prevails, (and the Americans are the most excitable people upon earth on national topics,) kindles all that there is in the speaker's soul of enthusiasm and eloquence. These orations are delivered, in the first place, to crowded audiences, copied and commented on in all the newspapers, printed and circulated most widely in the form of pamphlets; and the most striking and fervid passages are then extracted into school-books, and given as lessons in eloquence to the youth of the country. There is no calculating the effect of this perpetual supply of fuel to the fire of republicanism. The United States will sit under a monarchy, when they can produce no more such orators as Webster and Everett, or when their speeches are expunged from the school-books, and an oration to a public assembly becomes a capital crime—and not before.

We have mentioned the names of the two most distinguished public speakers in the United States, Daniel Webster and Edward Everett: the first is well known in England as a statesman and jurist; and an elaborate paper, on his pleadings and orations, appeared in a late number of the *Law Magazine*;—we refer the reader to that review, for varied specimens of his composition, and appeal to them, if there has been anything, since the days of Burke, of equal force and fervour. We give a single specimen here, without further comment:—

"It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand, and my heart, to this vote. It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honour? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean

to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honour to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver, in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

"If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honour. Publish it from the pulpit: religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We

† Several have been, at various times, reviewed in the *Athenæum*.—ED. ATH.

may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment—*independence now; and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER!*"

EDWARD EVERETT is a very young man, and is less known abroad. His rôle has been a distinguished one from the first: at eighteen years of age he was "settled" (an American word, which means chosen by vote of the church as a regular pastor,) over one of the largest and most enlightened Unitarian congregations in Boston. His youth and singular eloquence drew crowds whenever he preached, and, after the great Channing, he was the most chaste writer, and most fervent speaker in that remarkable sect. His health failed in a year or two, and he was sent abroad at the expense of his congregation, and made the best use of his time in two years' travel in Europe. He returned, in exterior, a polished man of the world, and from a doubt of his health, or a more ambitious reason, gave up the pulpit for the Professorship of Languages in the wealthy and long-established University of Harvard. He achieved in a year or two a brilliant reputation as a Greek and Oriental scholar, and having made himself all that a Professor could, looked about for another arena, and stood for a Senatorship in Congress. He was elected by acclamation, and has ever since been a colleague of Webster's, in representing the core of New England in the Senate of the United States—the most intelligent and educated portion of the republic. This is, of course, his last change, and being still under thirty, and in the full vigour of his health and powers, he has played a part mostly of reserve, and managed his cards warily and well. He speaks seldom in the Senate, but, when he does, it is with all the effect of an aim directed with unerring judgment. He is in the political party which is just now out of power; but the shrewd and intelligent community he represents are quite of his way of thinking, and he has wisely looked beyond the present moment, and, being young enough to "hide his time," is sure to take fortune at the flood, when intellect—as it must—gets the better of ignorance and commotion.

Everett is about the middle height, very fair, and of the most modest and simple, yet perfectly thorough-bred address. His features are not remarkable, but his face is the very imprint of openness and candour, and is perhaps well described by the word *interesting*. His oratory is formed upon the Channing model, the peculiar emphasis of which he still retains; but there is

much about him which is entirely his own, and which mark him for a peculiar place in men's admiration. Absolute control of every power, nerve, muscle, and resource, is the great feature of his character, and if it is true that he who can govern himself may govern the world, he is, of consequence, sure in his ambition. His voice, like Channing's, is peculiarly sweet and persuasive, and his skill in playing upon its tones is something marvellous. He is not a violent orator, and is sparing of gesture, and his sentences are weighed in their music, as his thoughts are in their plausibility and progression, in scales of gossamer. Antony's speech over the body of Caesar contains the secret of his eloquence; he excites by seeming to shrink from and suppress the feelings of his audience. Sir Petronel Flash's simile of the surgeon's knife, which "works in the wounds of others, but feels nothing itself," is something in his way. It would be unfair, as well as difficult, to decide whether he had no feeling, or whether his ambition were the stronger spirit; but, feeling, it is certain, he never shows, except as a most subtly thrown make-weight of oratory. The American republic is, in this age, probably, the political instrument of the most compass ever tuned to the music of power, and, in our opinion, Everett is the man by whom its stops are most cunningly understood. He has the two advantages, we may add, of having married a lady of wealth and powerful connexions, and of being, what he can have no temptation *not* to be, a true patriot, and a man of most honourable and unblemished character.

An oration of Mr. Everett's, pronounced at Boston on the reception of the news of the death of Lafayette, is now before us. It was an occasion, on which, of course the orator had every heart on his lips, yet a reader of his address would be struck with its subdued language, and its studied quietness of tone. It was made a day by itself in Boston. Some thousands of the most respectable inhabitants met at the State House, and walked in solemn procession, escorted by independent military companies, to Faneuil Hall, the "cradle of liberty" as it is called, the room in which the first daring patriots ventured to declare for independence—a place that, in New England, is looked on with inconceivable *prestige*, and held as dear and sacred as the heart's blood of its people. A stage was here erected, covered with black, upon which was placed a column, supporting a marble bust of Lafayette; the large portrait of Washington was draped also in black, and the hall otherwise dressed for the expressive occasion. The services commenced with a dirge, followed by a prayer from Mr. Frothingham (a Unitarian clergyman of great talent), and then, after a requiem composed for the occasion, the orator came forth upon the open stage, and pronounced his address to a breathless and overflowing audience. A Boston paper gives an account of it, which we copy as an example, that will not be uninteresting, of the manner in which such things are conducted in America.

"Faneuil Hall, when filled with the dense mass which occupied every inch of space within its spacious walls, presented a spectacle of moral grandeur. The dressing of the Hall was very appropriate and chaste. A heavy canopy was formed from the roof by hangings of black cloth, suspended from the centre to the capitals of the pillars and pilasters, which were also wound with black; a festoon of black cloth running round the walls with hangings from the arches. The galleries were clothed in black broadcloth, relieved on the sides alternately by rich French and American flags, and in front by the name of *LAFAYETTE*, in large silver letters, with a gilt spread eagle over the centre.

"The platform, at the head of the hall on the lower floor, was appropriated to the Boston Academy of Music. A large organ, provided for the

occasion, stood in the centre hung with crape the top surmounted by a white urn, with flags on either side. Raised seats extending across the area of the hall, with a railing in front, covered with black, formed the orchestra, which contained nearly a hundred voices and instruments. The portraits of Washington, Knox, &c., were dressed in black. In front of the organ, extending out into the hall, was an elevated rostrum for the orator, covered with a carpet, red and black, and hung with black drapery from the staging to the floor. On the rear of this platform the orator and two chaplains were seated. At the right of the orator, as he advanced in front to address the audience from the open stage, was placed a large plain column and pedestal, four feet high, supporting an excellent bust of Lafayette.

"The effect of this bust, in giving an ideal presence to the scene, throughout the whole address of the orator, was thrilling, especially at the close, when by a figure of speech, not less bold than it was successful and overpowering, he apostrophised first the canvass that bore the image of Washington, and then the bust of Lafayette—*'speak, speak, marble lips.'*"

"In no one effort do we think this accomplished scholar and orator has ever been so entirely successful as he was in his tribute to the virtues of the good Lafayette, both in diction and in manner. The latter had all the advantages of speaking from an open stage, with simply a table in the rear, on which the orator's notes were placed, but to which he did not once recur throughout an address, that enchain the multitude to their seats, as though they were a part of them, for one hour and forty minutes. He might have held them an hour longer, for Napoleon never more completely commanded a large body of men by the force of military discipline, than did Mr. Everett by the resistless power of moral suasion. When he described the sufferings of Lafayette in the Austrian prisons, the devotion of his heroic wife, the meanness of the Emperor, his refusal to enlarge Lafayette on the earnest solicitation of Washington; and then took up the movements of the man of destiny, Napoleon, who was already in the field, sweeping the Austrian forces before him, and dictating to Francis, in his capital, the terms of peace, at the head of which stood the release of Lafayette! his audience were completely carried away with the spirit the orator had poured into them, and it was some moments before they could repress the ardour of applause. Nor was it less when he contrasted Lafayette with Napoleon, in all the simplicity of the former in his republican retirement at Lagrange, and the glory of the latter at Marengo and Austerlitz.

"We cannot follow the orator, and must leave those who heard to cherish the recollection, and those who did not, to read this splendid production. But those who read, cannot also be inspired with the genius of the place, and the grace of the manner which gave to mere words a living and breathing spirit."

It is scarce worth our while to make large extracts here, but we take a single page, as a specimen of Mr. Everett's style, from his allusion to the triumphal visit of Lafayette to America in his old age.

"You need not, fellow-citizens, that I should repeat to you the incidents of that most extraordinary triumphal progress through the country. They are fresh in your recollection; and history may be searched in vain for a parallel event. His arrival in the United States seemed like the re-appearance of a friendly genius, on the theatre of his youthful and beneficent visitations. He came back to us from long absence, from exile and from dungeons, almost like a beloved parent rising from the dead. His arrival called out the whole population of the country to welcome him,

but not in the stiff uniform of a parade, or the court dress of a heartless ceremony. Society, in all its shades and gradations, crowded cordially around him, all penetrated with one spirit,—the spirit of admiration and love. The wealth and luxury of the coast, the teeming abundance of the west;—the elegance of the town, the cordiality of the country;—the authorities Municipal, National, and State; the living relics of the Revolution, honoured in the honours paid to their companion in arms;—the scientific and learned bodies, the children at the schools, the associations of active life and of charity; the exiles of Spain, France, and Switzerland;—banished kings;—patriots of whom Europe was not worthy; and even the African and Indian;—everything in the country that had life and sense took a part in this auspicious drama of real life.

"Had the deputed representatives of these various interests and conditions been assembled, at some one grand ceremonial of reception, in honour of the illustrious visitor, it would, even as the pageant of a day, have formed an august spectacle. It would even then have outshone those illustrious triumphs of Rome, where conquered nations and captive princes followed in the train, which seemed with reason almost to lift the frail mortal thus honoured, above the earth, over which he was borne. But when we consider, that this glorious and purer triumph was co-extensive with the Union,—that it swept gracefully along, from city to city and from state to state,—one unbroken progress of rapturous welcome;—banishing feuds, appeasing dissensions, hushing all tumults but the acclamations of joy,—uniting in one great act of public salutation, the conflicting parties of a free people, on the eve and throughout the course of a strenuous contest,—with the *aura epileptica* of the canvass already rushing over the body politic,—that it was continued near a twelvemonth, an *annus mirabilis* of rejoicing, auspiciously commenced, successfully pursued, and happily and gracefully accomplished, we perceive in it a chapter in human affairs equally singular, delightful, instructive, and without example."

The oration thus concludes:—

"But it is more than time, fellow-citizens, that I commit this great and good man to your unprompted contemplation. On his arrival among you, ten years ago,—when your civil fathers, your military, your children, your whole population poured itself out, as one throng, to salute him,—when your cannons proclaimed his advent with joyous salvos,—and your acclamations were responded from steeple to steeple by the voice of festal bells, with what delight did you not listen to his cordial and affectionate words;—I beg of you all, beloved citizens of Boston, to accept the respectful and warm thanks of a heart, which has for nearly half a century been devoted to your illustrious city! That noble heart, to which, if any object on earth was dear, that object was the country of his early choice,—of his adoption, and his more than regal triumph,—that noble heart will beat no more for your welfare. Cold and motionless, it is already mingling with the dust. While he lived, you thronged with delight to his presence,—you gazed with admiration on his placid features and venerable form, not wholly unshaken by the rude storms of his career; and now that he is departed, you have assembled in this cradle of the liberties, for which, with your fathers, he risked his life, to pay the last honours to his memory. You have thrown open these consecrated portals to admit the lengthened train which has come to discharge the last public offices of respect to his name. You have hung these venerable arches, for the second time since their erection, with the sable badges of sorrow. You have thus associated the memory of Lafayette in those distinguished honours,

which but a few years since you paid to your Adams and Jefferson; and could your wishes and mine have prevailed, my lips would this day have been mute, and the same illustrious voice, which gave utterance to your filial emotions over their honoured graves, would have spoken also, for you, over him who shared their earthly labours,—enjoyed their friendship,—and has now gone to share their last repose, and their imperishable remembrance.

"There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty, who has not dropped his head, when he has heard that Lafayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics,—every country where man is struggling to recover his birthright,—has lost a benefactor, a patron in Lafayette. But you, young men, at whose command I speak, for you a bright and particular lode-star is henceforward fixed in the front of heaven. What young man that reflects on the history of Lafayette,—that sees him in the morning of his days the associate of sages,—the friend of Washington,—but will start with new vigour on the path of duty and renown?

"And what was it, fellow citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness;—to the sanctity of plighted faith, to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, of your pilgrim sires, the great principle of the age, was the rule of his life: *the love of liberty protected by law*.

"You have now assembled within these renowned walls, to perform the last duties of respect and love,—on the birthday of your benefactor, beneath that roof which has resounded of old with the master voices of American renown. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place;—the temple worthy of the new name, which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson, which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites. Ye winds, that waited the pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom;—blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground,—echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days;—glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvass;—speak, speak, marble lips, teach us *THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW*!"

Of the American poets, BRYANT has written the best things. As a poet, in the highest sense of the word, Percival and Dana are both far before him; but Bryant has taste and judgment, and these auxiliaries to genius often produce an immediate effect superior to the higher efforts of genius itself. Bryant chooses always a subject perfectly within his range, and finishes it with the most elaborate study. His illustrations are fitted into, not fung upon, his theme. He writes rarely, and yet not always well, for though a man past the prime of life, there are but three or four of his pieces that have done anything towards building up his fame. Delicacy and sweetness are the better strings of his lyre. One of his sonnets, addressed to a girl dying of consumption, closes thus:—

Glide softly to thy rest then! Death should come

Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,

As light winds, wandering thro' groves of bloom,

Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree.

It is this apt and graceful talent for similitudes which distinguishes Bryant. The three things which are most known and quoted of his,

are 'Thanatopsis,' 'Lines to a Water-fowl,' and 'The Evening Wind,' and this last we will quote as the best thing he has done, and the most finished production that has yet come from an American pen:—

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,

And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round

Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;

And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound

Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;

And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,

Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.

Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,

God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,

Curled the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse

The wide old wood from his majestic rest,

Summoning from the innumerable boughs

The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;

Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows

The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,

And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head

To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,

And dry the moistened curls that overspread

His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;

And they who stand about the sick man's bed,

Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,

And softly part his curtains to allow

Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,

That is the life of nature, shall restore,

With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,

Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;

Sweet odours in the sea air, sweet and strange,

Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;

And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem

He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

Bryant is a man somewhat past forty, and was bred to the law. Poets seldom like "such ungenial lore," and with a large family growing up on his hands, and no practice, he found himself under the necessity of trying something else, and undertook the editorship of the *Evening Post*, a political paper of extensive circulation in New York. Politics in the United States rather soil the fingers, but he found the truth of the old proverb "dirty work brings clean money," and after a few years' close attention to it, he has lately crossed the water with his family, and is now in Italy, whitewashing his fancy, probably.

The first poet of America, by the rule of Horace, *poeta nascitur, non fit*, is JAMES G. PERCIVAL. He was born one. He would have been a poet under any circumstances,—born anywhere, bred in any manner. He has not written any one thing equal to the 'Evening Wind,' of Bryant, but his birthright lies a thousand leagues higher up Parnassus.

Percival was born in a small town in the interior of Connecticut, and, unlike most Americans, "had a grandfather." His family was among the first settlers of that State, and his father was a physician. James was the only one of three sons who was destined to a liberal education. He was a strange boy, and his youth, like his manhood, was all poetical. Wonderful quickness at his books, timidity and dislike of his rougher companions, sensitiveness, and a most affectionate disposition, are the traits recorded of his childhood. He soon outlearned the village schoolmaster, and passed his time in reading history, and, in the depths of the most secluded woods, passing the long days in imagining the scenes of the books upon which he fed. He has described these hours in a poem on the Pleasures of Childhood.

How I loved

To ascend the pyramids, and in their womb
Gaze on the royal cenotaph, to sit
Beneath thy ruin'd palaces and fanes,
Balbec or princely Tadmor, though the one
Lurk like a hermit in the lonely vales
Of Lebanon, and the waste wilderness
Embrace the other.

Along the stream,

That flow'd in summer's mildness o'er its bed
Of rounded pebbles, with its scanty wave
Encircling many an islet, and its banks
In bays and havens scooping, I would stray,
And dreaming, rear an empire on its shores.
Where cities rose, and palaces and towers
Caught the first light of morning—there the fleet
Lent all its snowy canvass to the wind,
And bore with awful front against the foe.

There many a childish hour was spent; the world
That moved and fretted round me, had no power
To draw me from my musings, but the dream
Enthrall'd me till it seem'd reality;
And when I woke, I wonder'd that a brook
Was bubbling by, and a few roads of soil,
Cover'd with scatty herbs, the arena where
Cities and empires, fleets and armies rose.

During his collegiate life, Percival impressed every one around him with his genius. Besides excelling in the college studies, he acquired most of the modern languages, became a skilful chemist and botanist, and devoured everything of general knowledge that fell in his way. His powers of acquisition were truly extraordinary. After obtaining his degree, he became a student of medicine, but the science of the profession was the only thing to which he could apply himself, and a few months as an army surgeon completed his disgust, and he abandoned it. With a year or two of interval, during which he accomplished himself in various sciences, he was appointed professor of chemistry at the Military College of West Point. His poetry had by this time become universally known, and he was the object of much admiration. His friends, of whom he had many, congratulated themselves on his having obtained at last, a permanent independence, and the students under his care were beginning to feel the effects of his superior knowledge, when he suddenly left the place, and threw up the professorship. It is supposed that a projected change in his quarters, and the peremptory terms in which the military order was conveyed, had given offence to his sensitive spirit. Up to this time he had published several volumes of miscellaneous poetry, under the title of *Clio*, which were afterwards reprinted in London. His poems, however, were not a sufficient support to him, and for some years that he shunned notice and shrunk into himself, abandoned to a morbid melancholy, he probably suffered keenly the bitter evils of poverty. His studies and acquisitions, however, went on, and he was soon known as an authority upon almost every science and every branch of literature. He translated and improved Malte-Brun's *Universal Geography*, among other difficult tasks, and on the completion of Mr. Webster's vast *Etymological Dictionary*, Percival was employed to read the proofs and superintend the publication—the only individual in America who had the requisite knowledge of languages. Upon this long, wearisome, difficult undertaking, the desponding poet worked for two or three years, giving it often fifteen hours a day, and for a compensation that sufficed only for the barest subsistence. As a philologist, Percival is said only to be surpassed by the celebrated Mezzofante of the Vatican, and yet this is but one of many things in which he is eminent.

Poetry is Percival's natural breath, and he writes as he talks, without labour or forethought; and there lies its defect: we are told he never makes a correction. Of his many productions we hardly know which to select for a specimen. We will give a part of a sketch, describing a

scene in the time of the yellow fever, which Percival is said to have written while suffering with hunger in New York. He scrawled it in a miserable lodging, when utterly destitute of the means of purchasing bread, and took it to the editor of a newspaper, who bought it of him for five dollars. It opens with the description of a girl watching by the death-bed of her lover, and proceeds—

Night

Was far upon its watches, and the voice
Of nature had no sound. The pure blue sky
Was fair and lovely, and the many stars
Look'd down in tranquil beauty on an earth
That smiled in sweetest summer. She look'd out
Through the raised window, and the sheeted bay
Lay in a quiet sleep below, and shone
With the pale beam of midnight—air was still,
And the white sail, that o'er the distant stream
Moved with so slow a pace, it seem'd at rest,
Fix'd in the glassy water, and with care
Shunn'd the dark den of pestilence, and stole
Fearfully from the tainted gale that breathed
Softly along the crisping wave—that sail
Hung loosely on its yard, and as it flap'd
Caught moving undulations from the light,
That silently came down, and gave the hills,
And spires, and walls, and roofs, a tint so pale,
Death seem'd on all the landscape—but so still,
Who would have thought that anything but peace
And beauty had a dwelling there! The world
Had gone, and life was not within those walls,
Only a few, who linger'd faintly on,
Waiting the moment of departure; or
Sat tending at their pillows, with a love
So strong it master'd fear—and they were few,
And she was one—and in a lonely house,
Far from all sight and sound of living things.
She watched the couch of him she loved, and drew
Conscious from the lips that were to her
Still beautiful as roses, though so pale
They seem'd like a thin snow-curl. All was still,
And even so deeply hush'd, the low, faint breath
That trembling gasp'd away, came through the night
As a loud sound of awe. She pass'd her hand
Over those quivering lips that ever grew
Paler and colder, as the only sign
To tell her life still linger'd—it went out!
And her heart sank within her, when the last
Weak sigh of life was over, and the room
Seem'd like a vaulted sepulchre, so lone
She dared not look around: and the light wind,
That play'd among the leaves and flowers that grew
Still freshly at her window, and waved back
The curtain with a rustling sound, to her,
In her intense abstraction, seem'd the voice
Of a departed spirit. Then she heard,
At least in fancy heard, a whisper breathe
Close at her ear, and tell her all was done,
And her fond loves were ended. She had watch'd
Until her love grew manly, and she check'd
The tears that came to flow, and nerved her heart
To the last solemn duty. With a hand
That trembled not, she closed the fallen lid,
And press'd the lips, and gave them one long kiss—
Then decently spread over all a shroud;
And sitting with a look of lingering love
Intense in tearless passion, rose at length,
And pressing both her hands upon her brow,
Gave loose to all her gushing grief in showers,
Which, as a fountain seal'd till it had swell'd
To its last fulness, now gave way and flow'd
In a deep stream of sorrow. She grew calm,
And parting back the curtains, look'd abroad
Upon the moonlight loveliness, all sunk
In one unbroken silence, save the moan
From the lone room of death, or the dull sound
Of the slow moving hearse. The homes of men
Were now all desolate, and darkness there,
And solitude and silence took their seat
In the deserted streets, as if the wing
Of a destroying angel had gone by,
And blasted all existence, and had changed
The gay, the busy, and the crowded mart
To one cold, speechless city of the dead.

We must make one more extract, of a different kind, and which shows, perhaps, a prophetic feeling for himself:—

Genius Slumbering.

He sleeps, forgetful of his once bright fame;
He has no feeling of the glory gone:
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame,
That once in transport drew his spirit on;
He lies in dull, oblivious dreams, nor cares
Who the wreathed laurel bears.

And yet not all forgotten sleeps he there:
There are who still remember how he bore
Upward his daring pinions, till the air
Seem'd living with the crown of light he wore;
There are who, now his early sun has set,
Nor can, nor will forget.

He sleeps,—and yet, around the sightless eye
And the pressed lip, a darkened glory plays;

Though the high powers in dull oblivion lie,
There lovers still the light of other days;
Deep in that soul a spirit, not of earth,
Still struggles for its birth.

He will not sleep for ever, but will rise

Fresh to more daring labours; now, even now,
As the close shrouding mist of morning flies,
The gathered slumber leaves his lifted brow;
From his half-opened eye, in fuller beams,
His wakened spirit streams.

Yes, he will break his sleep; the spell is gone;

The deadly charm departed; see him fling
Proudly his fetters by, and hurry on,
Keen as the famished eagle darts her wing;
The goal is still before him and the prize
Still wooes his eager eyes.

He rushes forth to conquer: shall they take—

They, who, with feeble pace, still kept their way,
When he forgot the contest—shall they take,

Now he renews the race, the victor's bay?

Still let them strive—when he collects his might,
He will assert his right.

The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,

Whose essence is ethereal; they may try

To darken and degrade it; it may rust

Dimly awhile, but cannot wholly die;

And, when it awakens, it will send its fire

Intenser forth and higher.

Percival looks the poet more absolutely than any man we ever saw: it is written on his forehead, and steeped in his eye and wound about his lips. Sensitiveness, pride, enthusiasm, feeling, melancholy, are traced with a sun-beam on his features. He is of a slight, stooping figure, walks with an uncertain step, is negligent in his dress, and has a wild and startled timidity of manner that has the air almost of insanity. His eye is large, bright, and pregnant with a kind of unnatural fire, that makes the child in the street turn and look after him. Leading the purest life, suffering without complaint the severest privations, doing what no one else could do for his daily and mere existence, modest, with the most remarkable attainments, less distinguished for his poetry than for anything else, yet the best poet of his country,—Percival is the most interesting man in America. Had he been born in any country of Europe, he would have had the fame and fortune thrust upon him, which he wants the confidence to pluck down upon himself.

[To be continued on the 7th of February.]

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF SCOTT, HOPE, AND COLERIDGE.

THESE letters have little need of preface. In the first, Sir Walter Scott details two anecdotes, which he afterwards applied to another purpose. The second, from Mr. Hope, is merely a reply to an application for the loan of a picture, for the purpose of engraving from it, but is interesting, for the proof it offers of the devoted affection which, after twelve or fifteen years of married life, he entertained for his amiable wife. The third, from Coleridge, is an answer to an invitation to dine with two or three social friends—the word "hook'd," underlined, being a quibble on the name of one of the most pleasant and brilliant of the guests.

"Dear Sir,—Two stories struck me as being susceptible of pictorial illustration; I will mention the outline of each, and you may consider whether they would suit an artist or not. If they should be thought fit for the pencil, I will give you a detailed account of them, yet without attempting much ornament. The one is a tradition connected with a large stone in Liddesdale, called the Laird's Jock's stone. It takes the name from a furious Scottish champion, called the Laird's Jock, because he was the eldest son of the Laird of Mangerton, chief of the clan of Armstrong. He succeeded his father in command of the warlike tribe to which he belonged. Frequent defiance at that time passed between

It may be well to mention, that Percival's poems, as well as other American works, are to be found at Miller's, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; at O. Rich's, Red Lion Square; and at Kennett's, 59, Great Queen Street.—ED. ARN.

the Scots and English on each side of the frontier, but the Laird's Jock's size and strength rendered him superior to all men in single combat, and he wielded a huge two-handed sword which no one could use but himself. At length he became old, decrepit, and finally bed-ridden, and was obliged to resign the command of the tribe to his son, a gallant young man, but far from being his father's equal. Of that the old man seemed sensible, for he never would resign possession of the sword which had won so many victories. At length a brave young Englishman, one of the Fosters, if I recollect right, sent a challenge to the best Scotsman on the opposite side of the Liddle, to fight him in single combat at what was called the Turney-holm—a flat space of ground used for such encounters. The old champion took great interest in this challenge, which was accepted by his son, and for the first time put him in possession of the favourite sword. He caused himself to be transported in a species of sledge, or litter, to witness the combat, and was placed on the stone, which still bears his name, wrap up in blankets, and attended by his daughter, a beautiful young woman, who was her father's constant guardian and the nurse of his old age. The combat begun, and (by treachery, say the Scots, which is probably in that respect partial,) the young Armstrong fell, and the victorious duellist seizing the huge two-handed sword, brandished it aloft as the trophy of the field. At this distracting sight the old giant, who had long been incapable almost of turning himself in bed, started up, the covering falling partly from him, and showing the wreck of his emaciated frame, and uttered a cry so portentously loud, as to be heard for miles around. He was born back to his own tower of Mangerton, where he died in a few hours, which he spent in lamentations, not for his son, whom he never named, but for the loss of the noble sword which in his hands had won so many victories. If any artist should take this work in hand, he ought to forget there is such a thing as the Highland dress in the world, for it was never worn in my country. The moment would [be] the fall of the young chief, and the effect produced on the spectators, and particularly his father and sister. Cooper could do it admirably.

The other story is highland, and I know the individual to whom the incident happened, and who had the character of having been the murderer of Callam Dearg, or Red Colin, in the wood of Zit-termur. How that may [be], I know not; when I knew him he was lame of a leg and much disabled, which happened in this manner:—he was out in search of a goat, which had strayed from the flock, and as he was ascending by a steep and narrow path which ran slantingly upwards along the face of a huge precipice, which turned steeper and narrower every moment, he met a red deer stag coming butting down the same path which he was ascending. What was to be done! the path was so narrow that the stag could not turn, and though the man might have done this, yet the odds were that before he could have [taken] many steps downwards, the stag, as they are very dangerous when brought to bay, would have charged, and certainly pitched him over the precipice. To stand his ground was to incur a similar danger, and the country being disarmed after the affair of 1745, he had no fire-arms. My friend Duncan, therefore, laid himself flat in the path, in hopes that the deer would extricate them both from the dilemma, by walking over him. It was long, I think two or three hours, before the stag could settle what he would do, but at length he took courage, and advancing very cautiously, put his head down to sniff at Duncan ere he stepped over his prostrate body. But the Highlander, greedy of game, and trusting to the apparent timidity of the creature he was dealing with, seized the deer's horn with one hand, and drew his dirk with the other. The

attempt had exactly the success which his want of faith, for there was an understood compact between the creature and him, certainly deserved. The stag sprung over the precipice, carrying Duncan along with him, who, with better luck than he deserved, fell uppermost. It was many hours after this adventure, that he was found by a party who were out in quest of him, lying above the dead animal, with his leg, thigh, and three or four ribs broken. I never could convince him that he was morally wrong in the whole affair; for my part I always thought the stalking down and shooting Glencoe, or Red Colin, was the more justifiable matter of the two; however, we remained friends all the same. I do not know whether the resemblance of this subject to that of the huntsman will be an objection, or whether the difference of costume and situation will rather make the one a pendant for the other.

"Dear Sir, &c.

"WALTER SCOTT."

"My dear Sir,—I do not know how to apologize for my long silence, or even now, how to answer your request—both from my reluctance to deny what is asked by a gentleman, who has acted by me so handsomely, and from the pride natural in a man who has had the good fortune to become possessed of a fine and valuable original, (I may say *two*, one of nature and the other of art,) to have these to a certain degree published. I feel the greatest wish to comply with your desire, but thus stands the case: Already Colnaghi has made the same request for an artist of his; and not wishing to lend him the original portrait, which is in the country, I have permitted him to copy it second hand,—a miniature copy belonging to my brother. My reluctance to part with the original is increased, since I refused it once before, and since Sir Thomas Lawrence's death.

"Therefore, the only way in which I could now with a clear conscience, and without great apprehensions, permit it to be copied, would be by the artist going to the Deepdene, instead of allowing the portrait to go to him. Would you, or those you act for, consent to this, the portrait is at your service; but I have made a sort of vow never to let it be moved from what is henceforth to be its lasting home.

"Excuse my frankness, or stubbornness, and believe me ever, with the greatest regard, &c.

"THOS. HOPE."

"My dear Sir,—I cannot bring myself to resign the pleasure I have promised myself in being once more *hook'd* on to the whirl-about car of the portly god, Bacchus, with wit, laughter, jest, and song, on the wooden horses, like the children at Bartholomew Fair. Gladly would I make one in the train, though in the character of old *Silenus* sitting on his ass. But if I am not with you before six, the cause will be, that I am on my bed, soliloquizing on a lesson of ventriloquy. Last night I sat up late, writing—and, probably, overwrought my nerves, and through them pre-disposed my stomach to disordered functions—and then, taking my usual two table-spoonfuls of white mustard-seed, only some three hours or more after my usual time, I went to bed. The mustard-seed lay, I doubt not, as a dead load on the torpid organ in the first instance, and in my following sleep produced a true hell of dreams; so that, literally, I awoke the house with my shouts and screams, and some night or other I shall probably die as my father did, and realize the epitaph which, dreaming that I had died, I actually composed in my sleep, the first and only night that I ever passed in Edinburgh, and where I first had heard the preceding evening the word pronounced *Embro'*. I well remember that I awoke from the pure delight of vanity in the admiration of my own imagined calmness

and fortitude. The lines I immediately put down:

Here lies poor Col at length, and without screaming,
Who died as he had always liv'd, a-dreaming,
Shot with a pistol by the gout within,
Alone and all unknown, at Embro' in an ion.

This morning my head felt so loaded, and my pulse was so full and hard, that it would have been tampering with suicide, not to take a few calomel pills, &c.

"By the bye, I saw yesterday and read two really beautiful letters from Charles Mathews to his mother, from Perot in Istrea, in a *Greek* village, where the little colony speak Greek. They have left a lively impression of young Mathews, both heart and genius.

"Yours, &c.

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

"Monday Noon."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Munich.

Digestion of knowledge must, I fancy, go on very well with the Munchenses, as they do not seem at all disposed to make over-meals. Though claiming to be Germans, who are the very aldermen of literature, I never saw people in this respect more temperate—that is, to judge from appearances. They strike me, at least, as being on a rigorous Abernethy system of mind: no marks of the intellectual turtle on their lips or fingers: if they do "grease their souls" at the literary fleshpots, it is in an exceeding sly way, and no one is a bit the wiser. Tailors at Munich, and reckon them critically nine to a man, are ten times as numerous as booksellers: the inference is plain. At a word, books are scarce, dear, and bad in general. Lytton Bulwer's are Tully and Plato beside most of them: it besets all the windows, title-page after title-page like ballads at a stall. What a deal, to be sure, he contrives to litter in a year! If this be not prolific, why neither is a rabbit-warren. The man must be a cod-fish! The Germans worship Bulwer—call his productions *Shakspearian*—a good proof, by the bye, how exquisitely they must appreciate the latter. Perhaps the fact is, aware what a breath fame has ever been, the publisher wishes B. to lay all his golden eggs at once. On a par of popularity with Bulwer, stand *Penny Magazines*, or translations from the French. But as to the dearth of books, which seems so curious in erudite Germany,—in the Athens of Germany too!—all the explanation I can give is, that there is great plenty of them at Leipzig. That is the great book-quarry, and thence are books ordered by the mass to other towns, instead of being printed at home. Most German towns are too poor to keep on hand large stocks, and the Leipzig repository is in this view convenient; but it tends likewise to make men of straw booksellers in other towns, mere literary hucksters, who are unable to push the trade of publishing, and whose sole endeavour is to keep by them as few books as they can. Imagine the agreeabilities of this system! I am in great haste, we will say, getting up a volume, dissertation, letter, to be dispatched immediately, and wish to consult a work of authority on my subject;—work not to be had at Munich—but, "Sir, we will get it for you from Leipzig, in a fortnight!" Again, I am a traveller to Rome, sojourning one day at Stuttgart, and inquire at Linto's for the *Antiquities of Grossius*.—"Sir, you shall have it immediately."—"Come then, let's see it!"—"When I said immediately, Sir, of course I meant a fortnight!" It should be added, however, that there is a very good public library at Munich, to which persons are admitted three days in the week from nine till one: this limitation speaks either of two things, no great liberality in the government of modern Pericles, or no great thirst for reading in the modern Athenians. I, as a stranger, was admitted every day, treated with

much attention, and, to tell you the truth, on open days was but little incommoded by fellow-students. So much for the learned Germans at Munich! You've seen Thiersch's late work on Greece, of course; excellent matter, but the language being a sort of Romaic-French, (no doubt chosen with design,) is apt to puzzle one not an adept in the double-tongue. Prof. Schelling's laurel somewhat resembles Mandane's vine, except that it adorns the head instead of the haunches, overshadowing, as it does, the whole German world. Lord Byron's umbrageous reputation was never more a monopolist. I will spare you, however, any of his (Schelling's) lectures, knowing by experience how ill you take such things in general, be they ever so fine.

Berlin, December, 1834.

You may have heard, that it is now the universal fashion in Germany to extol the metropolis of Prussia. How far this is honest—how far politic, I will not trouble you to examine; but so it is, and a voice that dared to whisper the contrary, would not be attended to, even though it came from a Prussian. It amuses me to think that truth may reach my countrymen through the round-about medium of a London journal; for, let me tell you, that reading the English papers is likewise a fashion among us. Every one has heard of Schinkel, the *Oberbaudirector*; he has built many edifices, and planned more, both for our own capital and other cities; among others, for Berlin, the monument for Frederic the Great, which, however, is not yet executed, the king, I suspect, being of opinion, that keeping up his fine army is a better monument to his predecessor than any thing of marble or mortar. So many trumpets have been blown before the works of Schinkel, that there is no occasion for me to add my penny whistle to the noise; but, as no one has ventured to call public attention to his oddities and caprices, I shall have a little talk on the subject, persuaded that our enthusiasts will, if permitted, not merely pass them over, but hereafter point them out as excellencies. Let us look then at his *Bau-Academie* (School for Architects), which must strike the eyes of all who pass over the *Schlossbrücke* (castle bridge), which leads down the Linden to the celebrated *Bau-Academie*.

Just fancy a magnificent street, wider than Regent Street, studded with splendid buildings on the right, beginning with the Arsenal, and ending with the University House; on the left, beginning with the Hotel of the Military Commandant of Berlin, and ending with the Opera House, all of them built in a style at once grand and simple, and standing in unbroken line. Now then, place yourself on the *Schlossbrücke*, and turn your eyes towards the left—you will see, thrust into the back-ground, a huge, uncouth, square pile, enormously high, with windows big enough to take in so many hay-ricks; the front so bald and flat, you might imagine it incomplete, and that columns, &c., were yet to be added to it. Round the roof runs a sort of battlement, more like a row of *chaises percées*, than anything else. And this is the great Schinkel's *Bau-Academie*! built, I should imagine, to show the young architects of Prussia how they are not to build.—*Lucas, à non lucendo!*

This *Bau-Academie*, like all the other buildings here, is of red brick; and what plan, think you, has our architect devised, to relieve the monotony of his masses?—Why, nothing less harmonious and classical than the introduction of a course of *blue polished tiles* every third or fourth row. I cannot think so glaring a *mesquinerie* atoned for by the small bas-reliefs placed under the lower row of windows, on the back front, in which the gradual progress of architecture is set forth in a series of designs, certainly

very clever; for I am yet of opinion that a large building should rely for its effect on the harmony of its general proportions, and not upon ornaments merely subordinate.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

As our paper is cosmopolitan, and embraces a wider sphere of topics and interests than merely those of our own island, what better could we do while the strife between party and party was raging fiercely at home, than leave the combatants themselves each to boast of the certainty of victory, and take wing and see what our neighbours were doing across the channel? If the volumes we have brought back with us are not all of the highest interest, they have the gloss of fashion; they are in repute and request either in France or Germany, and a notice of them will be something pleasanter than wearying ourselves and our readers with a prosy commentary on such heavy tomes as alone our publishers will trust to the hazard of wreck in this political hurricane. For the result, we refer to our present paper generally. But while on this spiritual journeying, we cast our eyes inquiringly over the foreign journals, and two or three little pieces of information scattered over them may interest our readers. The following is an account of the number of new pieces performed during the last twelve months at the several theatres in Paris. At the Académie Royale, 2 pieces.—Théâtre Français, 10.—Théâtre Italien, 1 new piece, and 8 revivals.—Opéra Comique, 10.—Vaudeville, 25.—Gymnase, 15.—Variétés, 25.—Palais Royal, 24.—Porte St.-Martin, 11.—Gaité, 16.—Ambigu Comique, 18.—Cirque Olympique, 4.—Folies Dramatiques, 5.—Théâtre Nautique, 5.—Théâtre de M. Comte, 16.—Théâtre de Molière, 2 new pieces, and 2 revivals. We find that, during the last few years, there has been an annual decrease in the number of new pieces represented at the Parisian theatres; thus, in 1831, the number was 272; in 1832, 258; in 1833, 219; and in 1834, 188: that M. Scribe, almost as prolific as our favourite Goldoni was in his day, only wrote (or, according to our own correspondent, *manufactured*) eight pieces last year.—M. Ancelot, 12.—and M. Bayard, 10.—From the German papers we also learn, that a vase has been lately found by some peasants in the neighbourhood of Königsburg, containing no less than 2,650 ancient coins, none of them of a later date than the battle of Tannenberg (1410). This discovery has peculiar interest with reference to monetary history.

The first of the Philharmonic trials took place on Monday evening: the sound of such an orchestra as the admirable band belonging to that establishment, has, in itself, an exciting and enlivening effect independently of the interest with which we regard the production of new compositions. But of trials we do not give reports—only rumours. Well then, we advise our musical friends who belong to the audience of these delightful concerts, to keep their ears in readiness for a new and clever symphony by Mr. Potter; for an overture, by Moscheles, to Schiller's 'Joan of Arc,' in which, if there be any expression in music, they will find—but we must stop, lest our gossip run into criticism;—and for a fantasia on the pianoforte by Mr. Hattori, of which we cannot resist saying, that his performance was something very like first-rate.—The Vocal Concerts commence for the season on Monday evening next, at which Miss Lacy, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bianchi Lacy, who, it may be remembered, left England for India some dozen years ago, is to make her first appearance before an English audience.

It is with great regret we have heard that Mrs. Hemans is at present suffering more than usual from bad health. We have missed her for a month or two past from the pages of the lead-

ing periodicals, and received this answer to our inquiry as to the cause of her silence. We trust that it may not be a long one.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 15.—J. W. Lubbock, V.P., in the chair. —The following members, lately elected, were admitted Fellows of the Royal Society:—Charles John Kemys Tynte, Esq., Benjamin Phillips, Esq., George Lowe, Esq., Richard Owen, Esq.

The following gentlemen were proposed as candidates for election:—James A. Gordon, M.D., of Finsbury Square, Charles J. B. Williams, M.D., of Half Moon Street.

The following papers were read, viz., 'Second Essay on a General Method in Dynamics,' by William R. Hamilton, Royal Astronomer of Ireland; 'An Account of the Eruption of Mount Etna in the year 1536,' from an original contemporary document, communicated in a letter to J. G. Children, Esq., Sec.R.S., by Sir Francis Palgrave, K.G.H., F.R.S., &c.; 'On the Electrical Relations of Metals and Metalliferous Minerals,' by Robert Were Fox, Esq., communicated by Davies Gilbert, Esq., F.R.S.; 'On the Circulation of the Blood in Insects,' by John Tyrell, Esq., communicated by P. M. Roget, M.D. Sec.R.S.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 12.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. in the chair. Part of a paper was read, communicated by Col. Jackson, of St. Petersburg, 'On the congelation of the Neva, and phenomena attending it.' We reserve our analysis of this till it shall be concluded.

The Duke of Wellington, and four other gentlemen, were elected members of the Society.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 13.—Mr. Yarrell in the chair. Letters were read from Frederick Cuvier and M. Lesson, acknowledging the honour conferred on them, by appointing them foreign members of the Society, and promising future communications. A preserved specimen of a dark-coloured Kangaroo, of small size, lately brought to this country by Sir Edward Parry, was exhibited; it was considered to be an example of the *K. penicillatus* of Gray, a specimen of which is in the collection of the Linnean Society. This animal differs in some essential points of form from the well-known larger species, and an interesting account of its habits by Sir E. Parry, in whose possession it lived at liberty, in a state of domestication, upwards of two years, was read. It is an inhabitant of a rocky district, where alone it is found, living in holes like a rabbit. The lower part of the hind legs, and nearly the whole of the tail, is defended by long dark-coloured hair. A systematic account of the specific characters of the *Gazella Hodgsonii* of Dr. Abel, the Chiru Antelope of India, was also read. Drawings of four fishes from Western Africa, by Lieut. Allen, were exhibited, and the Secretary pointed out the relations of form in them to species inhabiting the Nile.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Mr. Aikin, the Secretary, delivered a lecture on Tuesday evening, on 'The Natural and Commercial History of Cotton.' Mr. Aikin commenced with a definition of the word "cotton," and quoted several classical works, advertising to its earliest growth. He particularly alluded to the soils of the different countries in which it had most thriven, and illustrated the subject by occasionally introducing, not only various drawings, and some beautiful specimens of the article, but also parts of the cotton-plant, and which greatly assisted in the development of his subject. He concluded an instructive and interesting lecture, with an account of the extent of the importation from

; See Athenæum for last year, pp. 870, 886.

abroad, and acknowledged himself much indebted to many gentlemen, members of the Society, and others, who had afforded him valuable information on the subject.

Several specimens of printing from zinc were exhibited after the lecture was concluded; a process which, from the superior hardness and compact form of the metal, is likely to supersede the art of lithography.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Since our last report of the proceedings of this Society, there have been several meetings for the purpose of completing its formation, and preparatory to commencing its scientific operations. At the two last meetings, the following members have been elected: as Fellows—Messrs. R. Wallace, E. Foxhall, W. J. Booth, J. J. Scoles, James Noble, W. J. Dorethorn, John Davies, Richard Dixon, Arthur Mee, W. Railton, William Hosking, John H. Taylor; also, Messrs. W. Burn and Thomas Hamilton, of Edinburgh, and W. A. Nicholson, of Lincoln. As Associates, Messrs. H. E. Kendall, Jun., J. D. Hopkins, A. Burton, F. W. Mountague, W. C. Stowe, Thomas Allom, George Enoch, S. S. Teulon, Samson Kempthorn, J. Ashley, and C. E. Lang. On Tuesday last, P. F. Robinson, Esq., Vice President, presented to the Asiatic Society, a copy of Rám Ráz's 'Essay on Hindú Architecture,' and T. L. Donaldson, Esq., Honorary Secretary, presented a cast from the marble bust of Sir W. Chambers, the architect, executed by R. Westmacott, Esq., R.A.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Statistical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Linnæan Society	Eight, P.M.
	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts	7, P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
	Geological Society	8, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society	8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRID.	Royal Institution	8, P.M.

MUSIC

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

THE year Eighteen hundred and thirty-four, just gathered to its fathers, has been a remarkable one in the annals of English music. We regard the re-opening of the English Opera House, the Amateur Festival at Exeter Hall, and the establishment of the Society of British Musicians, as forming an era, from which we hope to date the commencement of a long and brilliant season of prosperity. But, while we rejoice to believe, that an art which we love so well has taken another step towards naturalization among us, we cannot but regret, that, in considering the state of native musical talent, many have fallen into the common error of mistaking partizanship for patriotism. They have presumed, not that cultivation, but opportunity, was wanting, and have raised a *cri de guerre* against foreign composers and artists—as interlopers—locusts, who eat up the fruits of the land upon which its own children should be fed. We shall endeavour to place this question in its true light.

To those who cry, "Why have you done so little for your native musicians?" we would answer, "Why have they done so little for themselves?" Setting aside, for the present, the claims of the writers of our cathedral services and glees—whose merits we firmly believe to be overrated, and who may be fairly said to belong to the past—let us ask, what composer, of English birth and education, who has lived during the last fifty years, may be placed by the side of Cimarosa, Mozart, Weber, Spohr, Rossini, and, greatest of all, Beethoven? We should like to have the opera named to us, which may be matched with 'Don Giovanni,' or 'Fidelio,' or 'Il Barbiere';—and, above all

things, to listen to the oratorio which may be compared with 'The Last Judgment,' and 'The Mount of Olives.'

Enough, and more than enough, encouragement has been extended to native talent; and here, as we must mention instances, for the sake of illustration, let us earnestly deprecate any personal interpretation being put upon the remarks we feel it our duty to make. Our composers and artists, we say it with sorrow, have rather stooped to comply with the requisitions and pamper the taste of uninstructed audiences, than led them on to relish what is intrinsically beautiful; they have walked at the heels of the mob, rather than put themselves at its head;—and they have reaped their reward—in money. Few, for instance, will assert, that the operas of Braham and Michael Kelly exceed, or even reach the merit of the compositions of Ferrari, Guglielmi, Portogallo, and Pucitta, current upon the Italian stage about the same period: yet we read of 1,200*l.* being given for 'The English Fleet,'—a sum exceeding that which was paid to Weber, for his fascinating and spiritual 'Oberon.' As public taste, though by very slow degrees, improved among us—as our theatrical audiences ceased to be contented with comedies garnished with mean and inappropriate songs, in place of entire, legitimate, consistent operas,—these melodists (to call them by no harsher name,) fell into disrepute—as also did the second-rate Italian writers with whom we have compared them; and the works of both are now only to be found in old music-books—but the harvest reaped by the former was the most golden!

Let us rise a step higher—and come to our first-rate composers—(or, may we not use this noun in its singular number?). Surely, when we mention the splendid finales of Mozart and Beethoven—the delicious *buffa* music of Rossini and Cimarosa, light, gay, sparkling, but never vulgar—the classical and charming duets of Mayer and Spohr, besides a host of other works, the names whereof come crowding to the point of our pen as we are writing—we may be spared the ungracious labour of minute comparison. The spirited dramatic glees, the graceful songs, the smooth and melodious duets, which stand on the other side of the account, have no stamen wherewith to win themselves a world's reputation, as those have done; and it is no proof of the injustice of the public, if its admiration of this slighter music has gradually yielded to an increasing taste for the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters of the Continent.

If we speak of instrumental writers, the one instance which occurs to us, supports strongly the line of argument we have taken:—the quartets and quintets of Onslow are known and studied by our amateurs, in honourable change with the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Spohr. If Onslow's popularity is not greater among us, it is because the class of composition in which he has principally exercised his mind, is little called for in England, owing to the want of musical amateurship among our young men, and the almost total neglect of all stringed instruments excepting the pianoforte—not because he is an Englishman.

With regard to our executive artists—our singers and instrumentalists—we are sure that their popularity has, at least, been equal to their merits; and that they, above all others, may be charged with the discredit into which native talent has fallen, owing to the tricks they have consented to play, to propitiate the commonplace and uninstructed among their listeners. We have heard Malibran sing Mozart's exquisite and simple 'Non più di fiori,' in her most perfect style, and scarcely a hand was raised to applaud her—while the vulgar forecastle ditty of the 'Bay of Biscay,' was encored twice on the same evening.—We have heard an aimless *pot-*

pourri, on the flute, received with thundering plaudits, by the same people who talked, remorselessly, through one of Hummel's enchanting concertos. If our artists will persist in selecting what is paltry and common, rather than what is pure and classical, for performance, they have no right to complain, if (while they are gathering up the reward they desire most,) the enlightened and refined provide for their own pleasure by calling in foreign assistance; or to wonder, if, in proportion as the popular mind becomes cultivated, they are deserted, and their names fall into obscurity and disrepute.

But we hope that all the mal-practices of what may be called the *ancien régime* of English music, are in the course of being amended or obliterated. Let us not, however, in our satisfaction at the coming change, forget by whom it has been brought about, or be ashamed to own, that it is to the teaching of foreigners, and the influence of their works—to the Philharmonic Concerts, and the Italian and German Operas, that we are indebted for the cultivation of our public taste—and thence the arising of a new and better spirit among us. There is room enough among us for the welcome and protection of all talent, foreign as well as native. Hitherto, the soil of England has not been sufficiently tilled, to produce fruits of perfect growth and indisputable excellence: let us not clap our hands vain-gloriously, because we see at last a fine ear or two of corn springing up.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the Fourth Concert of the establishment which has given rise to the above remarks. Mr. W. S. Bennett's symphony was the best music performed in the course of the evening: the *allegro*, slow movement, and *scherso*, had a purpose, originality, and character of their own, with one or two delightful melodies introduced, which fully justify our high expectations from the future works of this young writer:—we are beginning to look for his name in the concert bills. Mr. Culkin's quartet was exquisitely played, by Messrs. Mori, A. Griesbach, Watkins, and Lindley. We never before heard Mori play so delicately, or in such fine taste, and were thoroughly delighted with his performance. Mr. Lucas, Mr. J. H. Griesbach, and Mr. J. Macfarren, conducted overtures of their own composition;—in all of which was good sound writing: perhaps they might have been more effective, had the band been steadier—but it was kept in very bad order, or rather, no order at all. Mr. Catchpole's horn concerto was a total failure. Mr. Walmisley's glee, 'The first of the May,' was not so well sung as it should have been, by Miss M. Hawes, Mr. J. Barnett, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. J. O. Atkins: it is a sweet composition. Mr. Clifton's glee, 'Sweet stream,' we liked less as music; but it went better. With the exception of a very sterling and fine recitative and air, by Mr. Perry, from a MS. oratorio, ('Belshazzar's Feast,') which was well sung by Mr. Leoni Lee, the rest of the vocal music was not good: the two bravuras almost reached the offensive point. The singers, besides those we have mentioned, were Mrs. Geesin, Miss Bruce, Miss Land, and Mr. Bellamy, who took part in Mr. Clifton's glee.

THEATRICALS

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, THE KING'S SEAL, WITH TAM O'SHANTER; and KING ARTHUR.
Monday, PIZZARO; and KING ARTHUR.
Tuesday, THE KING'S SEAL, WITH A NEW INTERLUDE; and KING ARTHUR.
Wednesday, THE RED MASK; and KING ARTHUR.
THE KING'S SEAL, three times a week.
KING ARTHUR every Evening.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, GUSTAVUS; and THE PANTOMIME.
Monday, JULIUS CÆSAR; and THE PANTOMIME.
Tuesday, A Comedy, in three Acts, with Music, altered from Farquhar, called OFF TO THE CONTINENT!
THE PANTOMIME every Evening.

DRURY LANE.

Two acts, by Mrs. Charles Gore, with amendments by Mr. Kenney, have been introduced at this house, and passed. The piece they belong to is a comedy, called, 'The King's Seal,' and the plot lies in the time and court of Henri Quatre. If there is not much to praise greatly, at least there is nothing to blame; and, though it was not received so cordially on the first night as, for the sake of its clever mover and seconder, we could have wished, still, succeeding audiences have waxed warmer, and, consequently, 'The King's Seal' has made a better impression.

MISCELLANEA

London University.—On Wednesday, as we announced, Capt. McConochie delivered a highly interesting lecture, on the expeditions of discovery to Southern Africa and British Guiana, which have been undertaken at the suggestion, and in degree at the cost of the Royal Geographical Society. The very full account of these highly important expeditions, given nearly twelve months since in the *Athenæum* (see No. 332), makes it unnecessary for us to go again into particulars, but we may be allowed to extract from the able report in *The Times*, some of those facts with which the lecturer at once illustrated his subject and interested his audience. Of Abyssinia, Capt. McConochie observed, that it "was already well known, from expeditions from the north of Africa; but of the regions to the south-west of it we knew but little, and that little only from travellers who had penetrated but a short distance from the sea-coast. We had no detailed accounts of those countries. The efforts of Salt to extend inquiry had not been very successful, and the result of his inquiries had not been satisfactory. What we did know of those countries we had learned from the early Portuguese missionaries. The report of Captain Owen had given a statement favourable to the character of their inhabitants, as far as he had the means and opportunity of exploring and inquiring. They had a tolerably correct knowledge of the principles of trade. It was probable that the country intervening between the eastern and western coasts was partly desert and partly pasture. It had been asserted that in their trading, merchants had passed from the Portuguese colonies on the western coast to those on the eastern; but such accounts were not established by evidence on which we could rely. * * * It had been ascertained that some of the nations of the interior of Africa were comparatively in a state of civilization, and that the Governments under which they existed were stable. Lines of investigation had, by the expeditions of various travellers, been marked out on the tract now sought to be more fully explored, from the east, the west, and the south; it was an expansion of those lines that was required; it was breadth in the future researches that must be given to those lines, and the angles contained between them must be filled up. The continent of Africa had already been penetrated 1,400 miles north from the Cape of Good Hope. The countries farther north were found to be the furthest advanced in the arts of civilized life. At the distance of 1,400 miles from the Cape the arts of smelting iron and copper, and of carving in ivory, were known. Commerce had penetrated in that direction nearly 1,400 miles, and a trade to the amount of 1,600l. had been carried on in one expedition, though under the disadvantage of the commodities of the trading having been conveyed in waggons, and not by water."

Peterburgh Academy of Sciences.—The subject proposed by the Academy, for the Zoological prize to be decided, A.D. 1836, is, 'Re-

searches into the different degrees of development, in the intestinal nerves of invertebrate animals, illustrated with drawings.' Candidates may use at their pleasure, the Latin, Russian, German, French, or English language.

Almanach auf das Jahr 1835.—This almanack, the exact size of which was given heretofore (No. 316), and which ought in truth to be set in an alderman's ring, has been again sent to us by Mr. Schloss. We can only, as before, speak of it as a curiosity, and our readers will readily believe us, when we add, that it is not larger than our thumb-nail, and contains twenty engravings with proportionate letter-press.

Steam-Engines.—Alluding to the statements which have appeared in some recent numbers of the *Athenæum*, relative to the condensation of steam, we are requested by a known correspondent to state, that an apparatus has been constructed for the purposes of condensing the waste steam that would be otherwise blown off and lost, from boilers of marine engines, and thereby producing by a very simple arrangement, a sufficient supply of fresh water for culinary purposes, and that a further supply can be procured from the same source, for occasionally filling the boilers with fresh water. It is stated that the apparatus in question answers the purposes required extremely well, and is not liable to objection on account of bulk or weight. We have also received a further communication from Messrs. Busk, Keene & Co., and with the publication of this letter the correspondence must cease. "We observe from your last number, a correspondent conceives that our improved condensing apparatus is, on account of its weight, not adapted for sea purposes. With the usual low-pressure class of steam-engines, it is true that some small increase of weight may occur, but even in that case the difference need not amount to anything considerable, in comparison with the advantages to be gained; but with high-pressure engines, which seem likely at an early day to supersede the low-pressure altogether for nautical purposes, the weight of this apparatus is so wholly immaterial, that our high-pressure engines, furnished throughout, including the engines themselves, their frames, pumps, boilers, paddle-wheels, condensing apparatus, &c. weigh less than half a ton per horse power, whilst the ordinary weight of the ordinary low-pressure marine engine with like matters, exclusive of our condensing apparatus, is scarcely ever less than a ton per horse power. Of the boilers noticed in our last communication, as having been in work for three years, without requiring to be cleaned, from the protection afforded by our condensing apparatus, two or three are in steam-boats. Your correspondent seems to be of opinion that the condensing apparatus of Mr. Hall, of Nottingham, is superior to ours. Upon this subject, it will be sufficient to remark, that Mr. Hall's plan is nearly a copy of ours, with little alteration and no improvement, and that our engines had been in use both here and in France, prior to the date of that gentleman's first patent."

Sympathy between Twins.—The French papers mention some rather strange process of sympathy, existing between twin brothers, now between five and six years of age. Although these children did not suffer much during the first year, it was noticed, that they suffered simultaneously, whatever was the nature and degree of the suffering. In 1831 they were both attacked with intermittent fever on the same day, which also left them at the same time. In the following year, they both had cutaneous eruptions, the symptoms and effects of which were precisely similar. In the winter, they both had bad colds and coughs, and they invariably coughed at the same time! In 1833 they both had a contagious disorder, and were attacked

with it so precisely at the same time, that it was impossible to tell which had communicated it to the other. In 1834, they both had a sort of ague at the same time. Notwithstanding all these strange points of sympathy, the two boys are said not to be in the least alike; the one is very delicate, the other robust; and their characters differ as much as their personal appearance. These facts are adduced by the French anatomists, as confirmatory of the opinion, that the cause of disorders generally is to be attributed rather to air and diet, than to any peculiar conformation of body, or to any apparent strength or weakness.

Monument to Wolfe and Montcalm.—We are happy in being able to announce to the friends of the Earl of Dalhousie, the completion of the Monument erected to Wolfe and Montcalm, at Quebec, under the patronage of his Lordship, and aided by his liberality to so large an amount. The inscription on the surbase has been affixed for some weeks, and on Thursday last, the inscription, written by Dr. Fisher, for which the Prize Medal was adjudged by the Committee, was placed upon the Sarcophagus, fronting to the Basin. It is cut, in what are termed *black letters*, on a very hard slab of marble. The scaffolding has been removed, and this beautiful Monument is now seen to the best advantage, the white marble slabs, bearing the inscriptions, giving an air of lightness to the whole obelisk. The names 'WOLF,' 'MONTCALM,' have also been placed on the sides of the Sarcophagus in bold relief.—*Quebec Mercury.*

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

IN THE PRESS.

A new edition of Virgil's *Bucolics*, interlinearly translated, &c. by P. Austin Nuttall, L.L.D.

Just published.—The Dublin University Calendar, for 1835, 12mo. 5s.—The *Mystic Bridal*, 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.—The *Maid of Padua*, 4 vols. 12mo. 21s.—*Treasury of Scripture Knowledge*, f. 8vo. 12s.—*The Treasury Bible*, f. 8vo. 30s.—*The Treasury Bible*, demy 4to. on writing paper, 30s.—*Infant Lyrics*, by the Rev. T. Guyer, of Ryde, 18mo. 1s.—*Bertrand's Revolutions of the Globe*, cr. 8vo. 7s.—*Leigh's Directions for Insuring Personal Safety, during Storms of Thunder and Lightning*, 8vo. 12s.—*The York Psalm and Hymn Book*, 32mo. 3s.—*Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity*, 32mo. 2s.—*Noel on the Sabbath*, 18mo. 1s.—*Viscount Mandeville on the Epistle to the Hebrews*, royal 8vo. 16s.—*New Testament*, with references, 32mo. 8s. morocco, 5s. 6d. roan.—*Johnson's Dictionary*, diamond, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—*Ward's Treatise on Algebraical Geometry*, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—*Ansell's Treatise on Friendly Societies*, 8vo. 5s.—*May's History of Evensong*, 8vo. 2s.—*Marshall's Interest, Annuity, and Exchange Tables*, 8vo. 8s.—*The Office of the Ruling Elder, in the Presbyterian Church*, by Samuel Miller, D.D. 12mo. 4s.—*The Riches of Chaucer*, by C. C. Clarke, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. with 20 wood-cuts, 18s.—*The Extraordinary Black Book*, with Appendix complete, 8vo. 21s.—*Chromatography*, or, a treatise on Colors and Pigments, 4to. 21s.—*Little Folks for Little Folks*, with 30 cuts, 2s.—*The Christian Lady's Magazine*, Vol. II. 12mo. 7s.—*Renoult's Letter to his Father*, 18mo. 2s.—*Sherwood's Nun*, new edit. 12mo. 6s.—*Sandford on Fellowship with God*, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—*Lecroix's Elements of Algebra*, by W. H. Spiller, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—*Crabey's Builder's Price Book*, for 1835, 8vo. 4s.—*Theological Library*, Vol. X. (Russell's History of the Church of Scotland, Vol. II.) f. 8vo. 6s.—*Beau's New Atlas of Classical Geography*, royal 8vo. 15s.—*Mempris's Chronological and Geographical Chart*, in case, 22s. 6d. on roller, 21s.—*Romance of History*, Vol. XII. (Spain, Vol. III.) f. 8vo. 6s.—*Collection of the Poor Law Statutes*, by J. Tidd Pratt, Esq. 21s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W.—T.H.—A subscriber at York, received. Let T. M. send the MS.

We are greatly obliged to 'A Subscriber for the Paper (A. W.)' It is however, our custom, not to insert communications, without being informed of the name and address of our correspondent as a security. Will he in confidence comply with this necessary caution?

By some mistake, the address of our Binder, Mr. Knapp, was not inserted correctly last week; it ought to have been, 10, Green St., Church St., Blackfriars Road.

ADVERTISEMENTS

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—The Classes in Theology, the Classics, Mathematics, English Literature, and History, under the superintendence of the Principal and Professors, the Rev. T. G. HALL, and JOHN ANSTICE, will be RE-OPENED on THURSDAY, the 22nd instant.

The Classes for Private Instruction in Hebrew, the Oriental and other Foreign Languages, will re-commence on the same day. MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The Spring Course of Lectures will commence on Wednesday, the 21st instant.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—The Classes in the School will be re-opened on Monday, the 20th instant. J. A. 1855. W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—FACULTY OF MEDICINE.—The Second Division of the Lectures in this Faculty commences on the 21st of January. CLINICAL MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

The North London Hospital, which is contiguous to the University, has been open since November; and Clinical Instruction is given by the following Medical Officers:—
Physicians.
John Elliott, M.D. F.R.S. Professor of Medicine.
A. T. Thomson, M.D. Professor of Materia Medica.
Rt. Carswell, M.D. Professor of Pathological Anatomy.
D. D. Davis, M.D. Professor of Midwifery.

Surgeons.
Samuel Cooper, Esq. Professor of Surgery.
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THOMAS, Secretary.

12th January, 1855.

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SPRING COURSE OF LECTURES—1855.

Weekly, at 8 o'clock in the Evening.

Tues. Jan. 15. R. Addams, Esq. On Acoustics.

..... 20. Continued.

..... 27. W. C. Taylor, Esq. A.M. On Oriental Literature.

..... Feb. 3. Continued.

..... 10. W. Higgins, Esq. F.G.S. On Geology.

..... 17. E. Atherstone, Esq. On the Study of Elucidation from Books.

Wed. 25. Rev. Professor Vaughan. On the General History of Ancient Rome.

..... March 4. Continued.

..... 11. On the Literature of Ancient Rome.

..... 18. Continued.

Tues. 24. R. Madie, Esq. On the Philosophy of Nat. Hist.

..... 31. Continued.

..... April 7. Professor Bernays. On General Grammar.

..... 14. R. Madie, Esq. On the Philosophy of Nat. Hist.

..... 21. Continued.

..... 28. Professor Bernays. On General Grammar.

..... May 5. Dr. Hope, F.R.S. On the Circulation of the Blood, and on the healthy and morbid Phenomena connected with it.

..... 12. Continued.

..... 19. Mr. Ruckingham, M.P.

..... 26. Dr. Quain, Esq. On the Structure of the Organs of Voice, the Production of Vocal Sounds, and their Modulation.

..... June 2. Rev. H. Stebbing, F.R.S.L. On the Influence of Metaphysics on the Belles Lettres.

..... 9. Continued.

..... 16. Dr. Thomson, F.R.S. G.S. On Physical Education.

..... 23. Continued.

..... 30. Dr. Birkbeck, F.G.S. &c. &c. On some Branches of Natural Philosophy.

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For either Course separately 1 1 6

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Much general knowledge is communicated by means of a course of private reading, in which the pupils are induced to engage. Lectures, too, are occasionally delivered on various branches of Natural Philosophy.

In their plans of government and instruction, the Conductors have addressed themselves, as far as possible, to the reasoning powers and good feelings of their pupils. The grounds of every school regulation, and of all formal employment in the studies of the pupils, are fully explained; and at all times the pupils are encouraged to apply for information respecting everything which is not perfectly clear to their minds.

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Information respecting the charges, and other matters of detail, may be obtained by application at Bruce Castle.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

HEAD MASTERS:
THOMAS HEWITT KEY, M.A. Professor of Latin.
HENRY MALDEN, M.A. Professor of Greek in the University of London.

This School will re-open after the Christmas Holidays on TUESDAY the 13th January; it is under the government of the Council, and is conducted by the Professors of Latin and Greek. The hours of attendance are from 9½ to 3½.

Council Room, THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

24th Dec. 1854.

THE QUEEN ANNE STREET ACADEMY.—Conducted by the Rev. ROBERT MACLURE, was RE-OPENED Thursday, January 4th.

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Terms for the whole Course, 24. 12s. 6s. per Quarter.

A deduction is made when the course of study is only partial.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Academy, 45, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square.

THE QUEEN ANNE STREET ACADEMY.

THE RODNEY PRIZE.—Mr. MacLure has much pleasure in announcing that the Hon. and Rev. Henry Rodney, Prebendary of Hereford, who presided at the Examination at the close of last Term, has, with kind liberality, instituted a Prize to be competed for by the Pupils of this Academy. The Rodney Prize will be awarded on the 1st of August next, for the best specimen of Composition in Latin Prose.

LONDON HIGH SCHOOL, TAVISTOCK SQUARE.

AN EXHIBITION TO TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, of FIFTY POUNDS per Annum, for Three Years of the Undergraduate Course, commencing in October 1856, will be given to the Successful Candidate at the July Examinations of that year, who shall have attained the age of Eighteen, and kept at the HIGH SCHOOL five School Terms.

JOHN WALKER, } Head Masters.
W. D. J. BRIDGMAN, }

LONDON HIGH SCHOOL, TAVISTOCK SQUARE.

THE TERM PRIZES for superior good conduct and diligence were awarded, on the 20th inst., in

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..... V. to Robert Richardson, et. 16.

..... V. to Richard Pyper, et. 15.

..... IV. to Richard Woodhouse, et. 13.

..... III. to Richard Hall, et. 14.

..... II. to William Norman, et. 10.

..... I. to Olyett R. Woodhouse, et. 10.

School Business will be resumed on MONDAY the 12th of January, 1855.

(Signed) JOHN WALKER, } Head Masters.
W. D. J. BRIDGMAN, }

Dec. 26, 1854.

LONDON HIGH SCHOOL, TAVISTOCK SQUARE.

RECTOR.

Rev. Charles H. Maturin, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

HEAD MASTERS.

Classical.—John Walker, A.M., of Trinity College, Dublin.

Mathematical.—W. D. J. Bridgman, B.A. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

ASSISTANT MASTERS.

Classical.—H. Bostock, A.M. of Wadham College, Oxford.

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